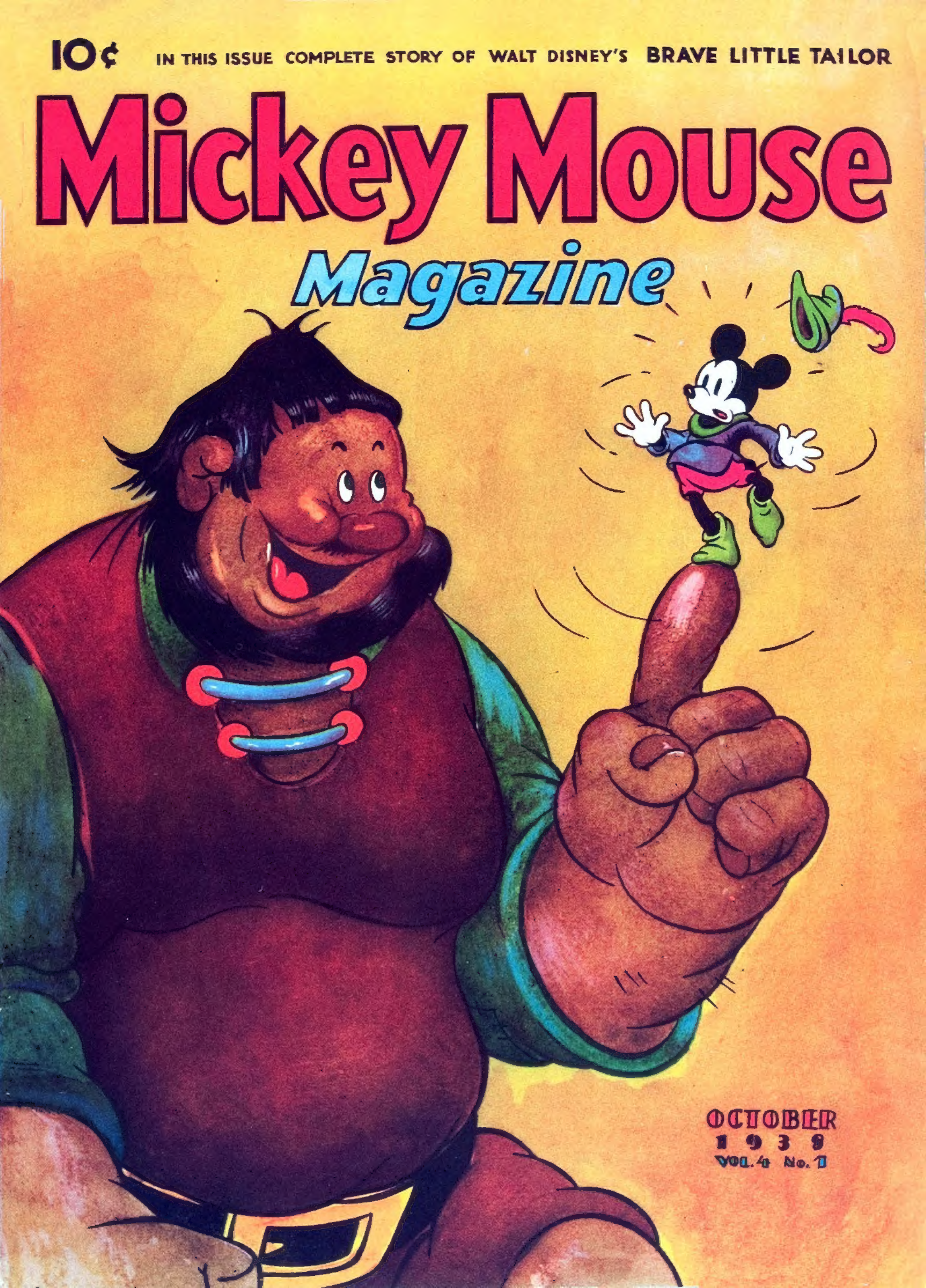
10¢ IN THIS ISSUE COMPLETE STORY OF WALT DISNEY'S BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

Mickey Mouse Magazine



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1939
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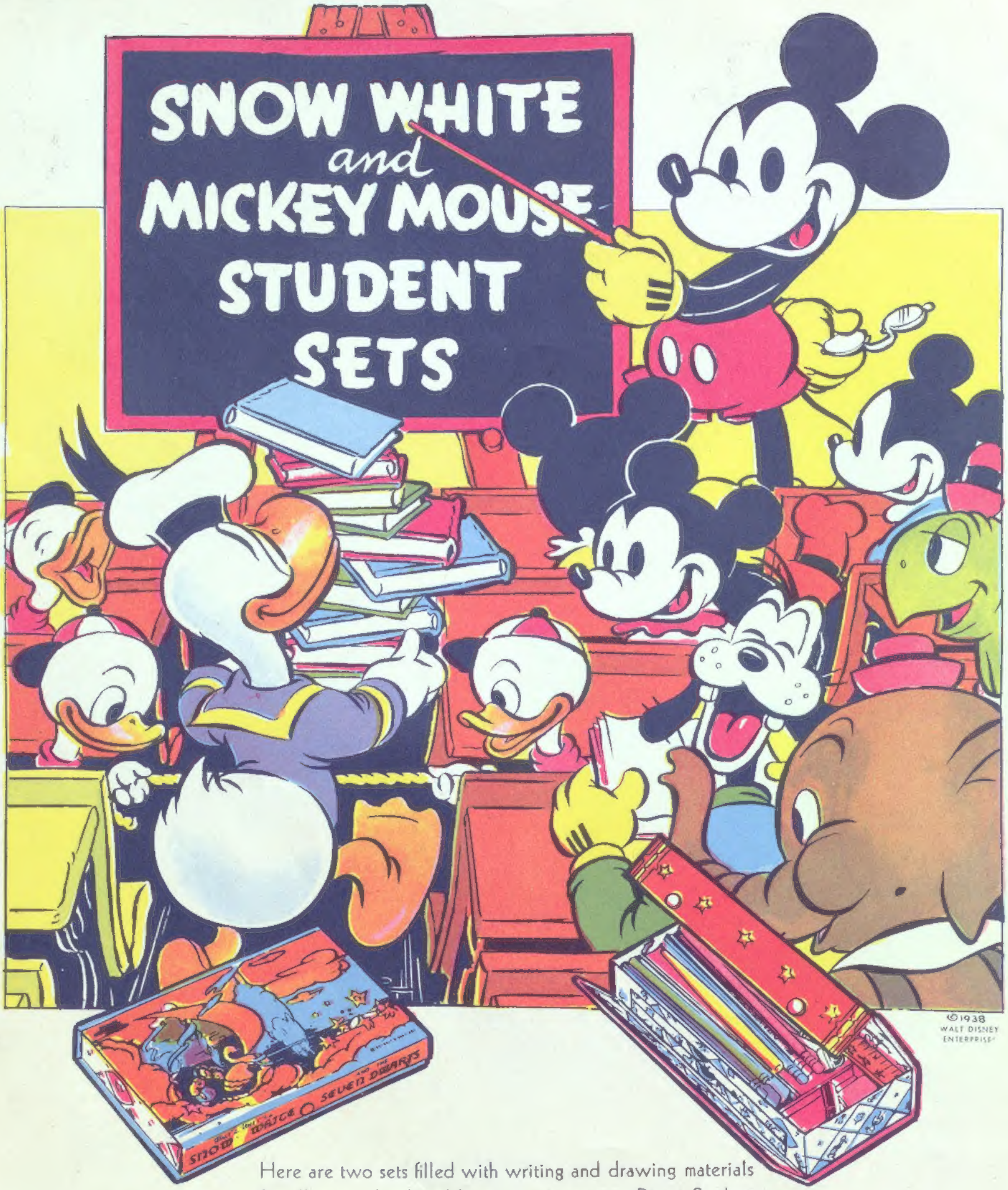

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FROM
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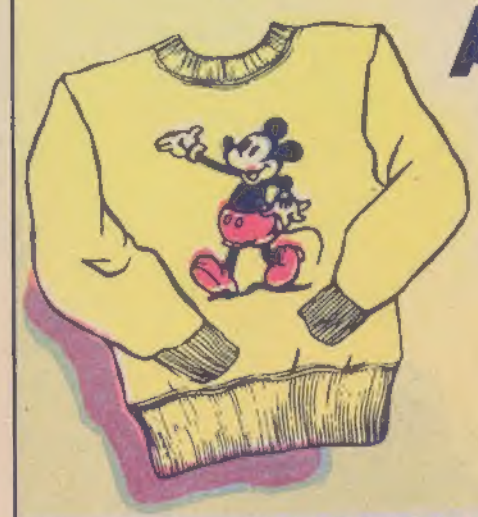

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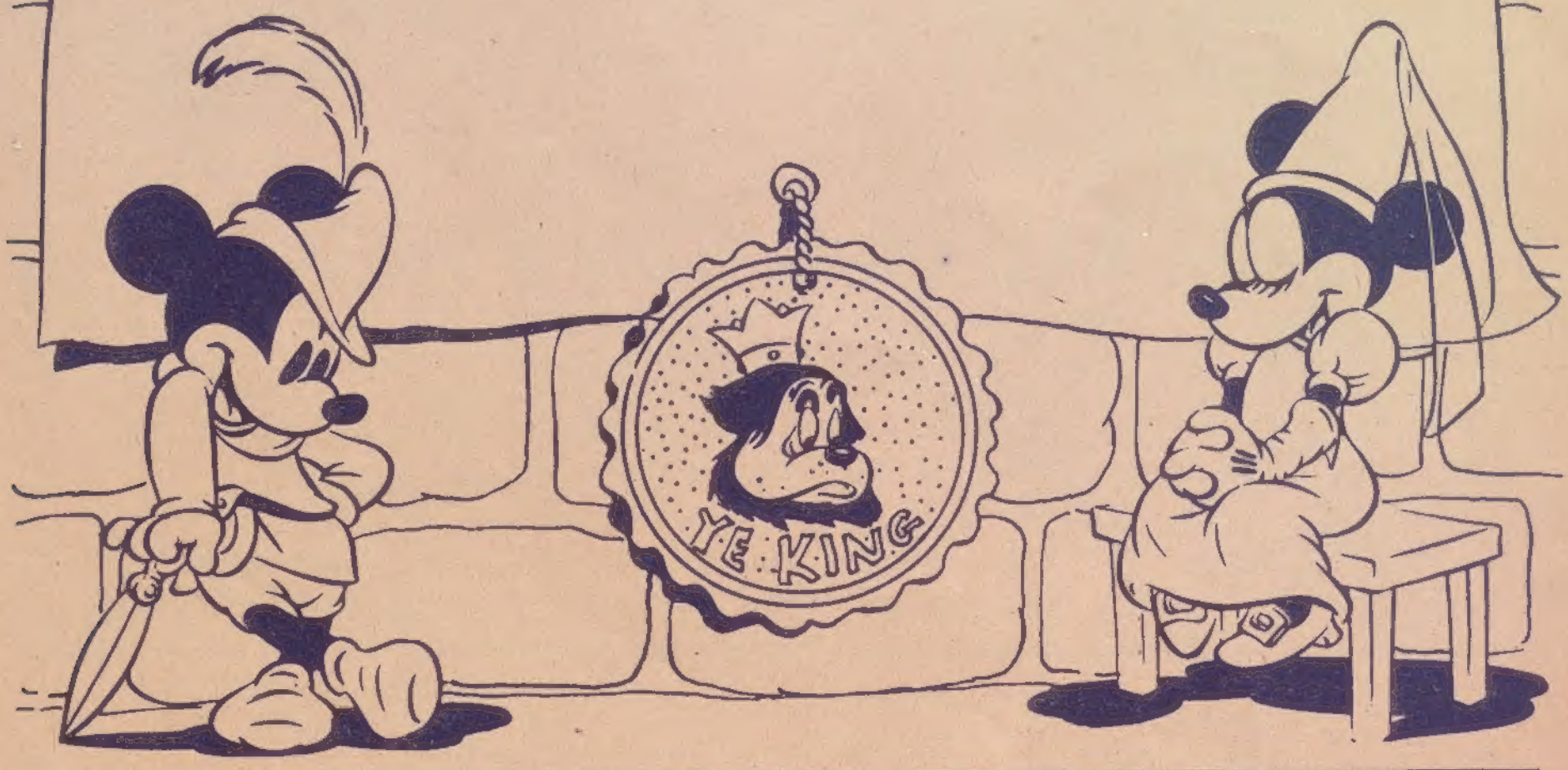

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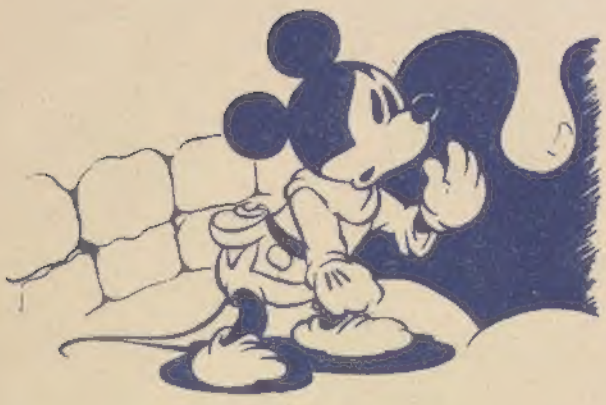
Mickey Mouse Magazine

MICKEY MOUSE, Editor

KAY KAMEN, Publisher

Just Between Us —



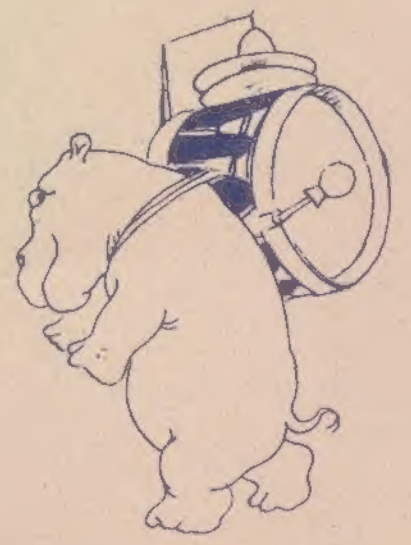
JUST TO show that we live up to our promises — here's the story of *Brave Little Tailor* with all the pictures we could cram in and still have room for something, else. It's the story of one of Walt Disney's new pictures which will be showing *very soon*. He lives up to his promises, too, as you will find out when you see this movie. You'll laugh at Tailor Mickey and you'll love Princess Minnie . . . and oh! the giant is such a stupid fellow really.

YOU MIGHT know Donald Duck would get on his high-horse when he saw *Letters to the Editor* spreading over two pages last month. He burst into Mickey's office with a stack of Wise Quacks in his arms so high they touched his chin, and he almost spilled them all over the floor in his excitement.

"If you don't print all these . . . I RESIGN!" he exploded.

"Oh no! You don't get out of it that way!" Mickey said, winking over Donald's shoulder at me. "Everybody wants to know WHY you only had one page last month . . . so you better get busy!"

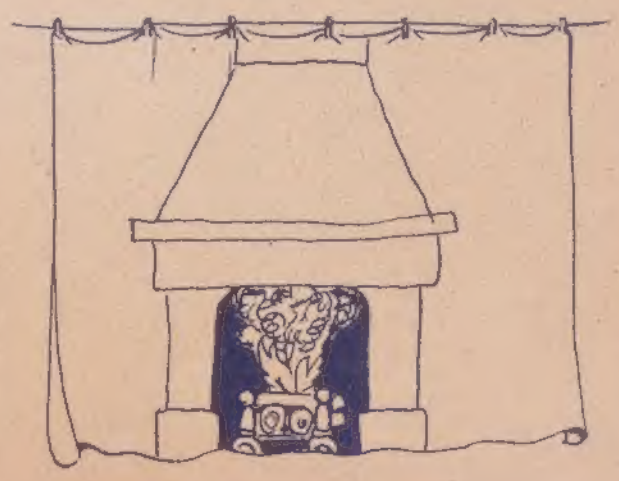
And Donald got busy with a grin . . . if you don't believe me turn to page 16.

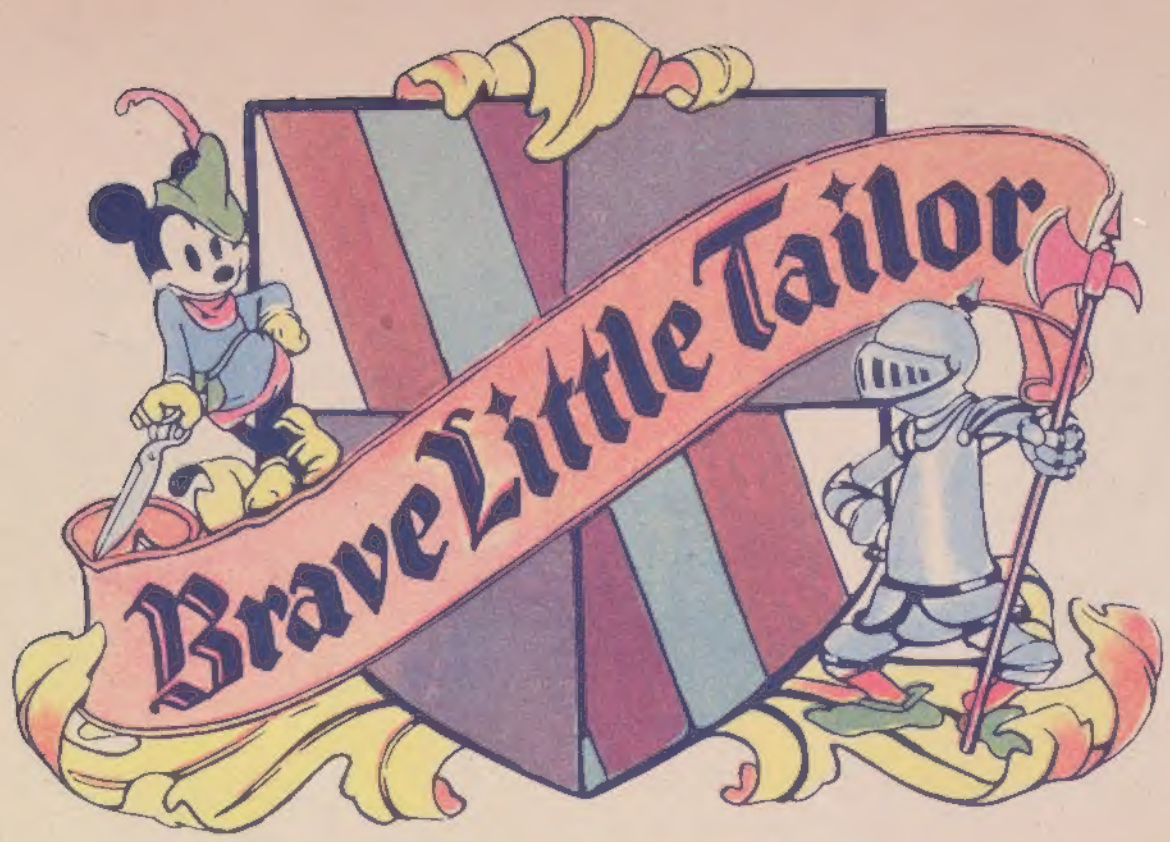


AND HERE is a surprise that Mickey has been keeping up his sleeve for you. *Topsy-Turvy Circus* is a very funny story with lots of pictures which are just as funny, and the story and the pictures were done by Georges Duplaix. He made Pee-Gloo and the Gaston and Josephine books which you probably know very well.

WE THOUGHT it might be more fun for you to use your own imagination in cooking up the stage settings for the series of little plays which are running in the magazine. Read the play all the way through and think how you can best interpret it with what you have at hand. For instance in *The Little Tin Soldier* a fireplace is called for in the third act. If the play is given without a stage in a large room with a fireplace, naturally you might arrange to use it. But, on the other hand, a backdrop on a stage with a simple drawing of a bright fire roaring up a chimney could be made with very little trouble.

We hope you have lots of fun and much applause!





"THE GIANT is coming! What'll we do? He crushes our towns, ruins our crops . . . how can we stop him?" cried the villagers on all sides. They pushed and shoved and stood on tiptoe craning their necks to see the poster of the monstrous giant who would destroy them. Everybody was trembling with excitement.

Everybody except the tailor. He sat cross-legged on the table in his shop whistling a tune and sewing away as though there were no such things as giants. But he had his problems too—on a smaller scale. Flies swarmed, swooped, buzzed around and around his head until he was almost out of his wits. At last in desperation, the brave little tailor grabbed a fly swatter in each hand and whacked them together with a mighty SWISH!

Plunkety - plunk - plunk! the dead flies hit the floor.

"Oh boy . . . SEVEN!" he shouted and ran to the window to tell the news.

Outside the whole town was discussing the giant and at that moment, standing right under the tailor's window, one man asked another:

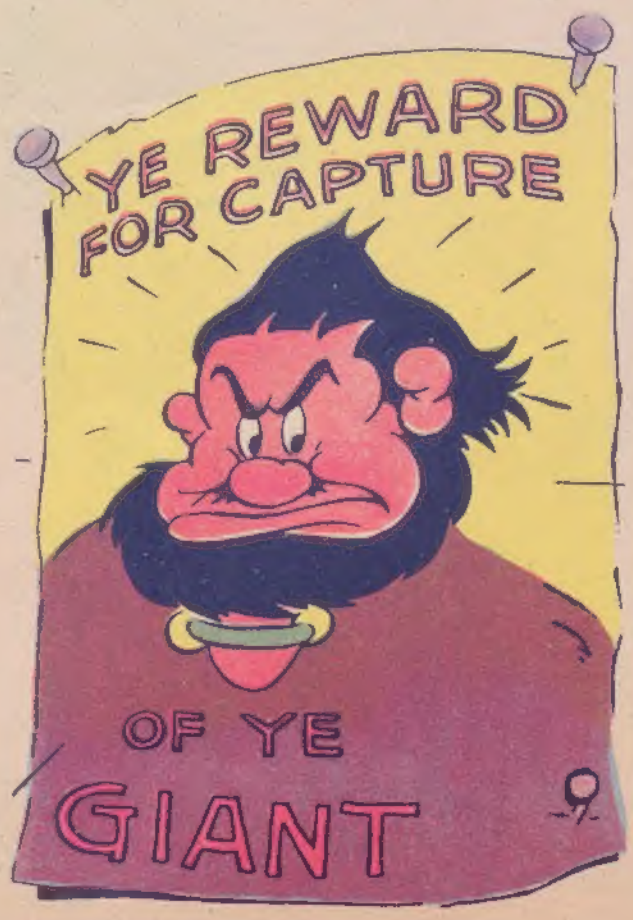
"Did you ever kill a giant?"

"I killed seven with one blow!" cried the tailor throwing open the window. The villagers were completely flabbergasted because of course they thought he meant *giants.*

"SEVEN!" they gasped and ran pell mell to spread the news.

"He killed seven giants with one blow!" the first man cried to a group of people on the square.

"Seven with one blow!" they all breathed, unable to speak. And in less time than it takes to tell, the whole square was buzzing.



"How many?"
"Six."
"SEVEN!"
". . . with one blow!"
"Jiminy crickets!"
"Who?"
"The tailor!"
"Do you mean it?"
"At one blow?"
"NO!"
"Yes!"
"S E V E N ! ! ! !"

The news traveled faster than the wind until it reached the ears of the King's Guard.

"Blow me down!" he exclaimed and dashed through the gates and up the palace stairs, skidding down the corridors right into the Throne Room where he landed with a terrible *crash!* and was completely buried under the pieces of his shattered suit of armor.

The King and the lovely Princess Minnie were so frightened they ducked under their thrones. When everything was quiet they carefully stuck out their heads and saw the guard rise above his busted armor like a flame . . . in his red underwear! He was all out of breath as he rushed over to the King and whispered in his ear:

"The tailor . . . killed . . . seven giants with one blow!"

"Seven!" cried the King. "Bring him here!"

BEFORE he knew what it was all about Mickey Mouse, the tailor, was standing before the throne while the guards kept back the people who tried to push in on all sides.

"Did you kill *seven* with one blow?" boomed the mighty voice of the King.

"Yes, your honor, and how!" Mickey replied.

"Well—how?" asked the King.

Under the Princess Minnie's sweet glances Mickey warmed to his story and whipping his arms about madly, he described his *battle* with the flies.

"I was all alone. I heard them coming. I looked up and I was surrounded. They were here, there, everywhere—a whole bunch of them. They came at me from the right, from the left, right, left, left, right . . ."

The King bit his nails and wriggled on the edge of his throne with excitement.

"Yes, yes, go on," he encouraged.

"They were coming closer," Mickey continued. "The fight was on. I swung and missed. I missed and swung—I swung again and again and again. They were right on top of me . . ."

"And then?" asked the King anxiously.

"And then," said the tailor drawing his scissors like a sword, "I let 'em have it!"

"Bravo!" stormed the crowd clapping wildly. The King slumped down exhausted on his throne while the Princess jumped up and cheered with the people.

"Bravo! Bravo!"

Mickey leaned on his scissors bowing right and left until the King recovered and motioned for silence.

"Brave tailor," he announced, "I appoint you Royal High Killer of the Giant!"

Bang! Mickey went down flat on his face . . . but he quickly picked himself up and rushed toward the King.

"GIANT!! Bu-bu-but your Maj-Majesty . . . I-I-I . . ." he stammered. But the King was more interested in what he had to say and kept right on talking.

". . . and your reward shall be one million golden pazoozas!"

"No-no thank you, sir," Mickey protested humbly. "I-I-I couldn't."

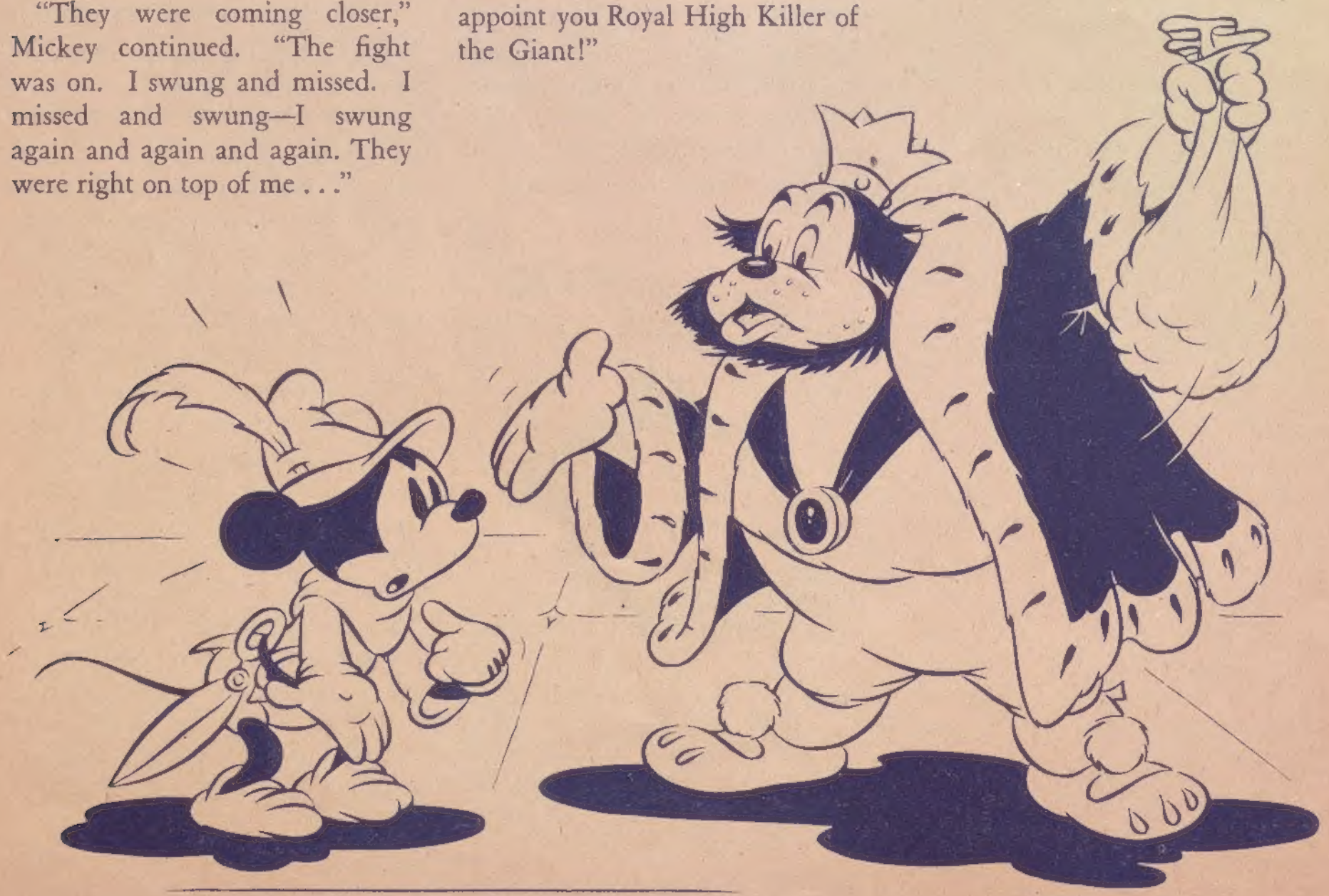
"Then two million pazoozas!" cried the King.

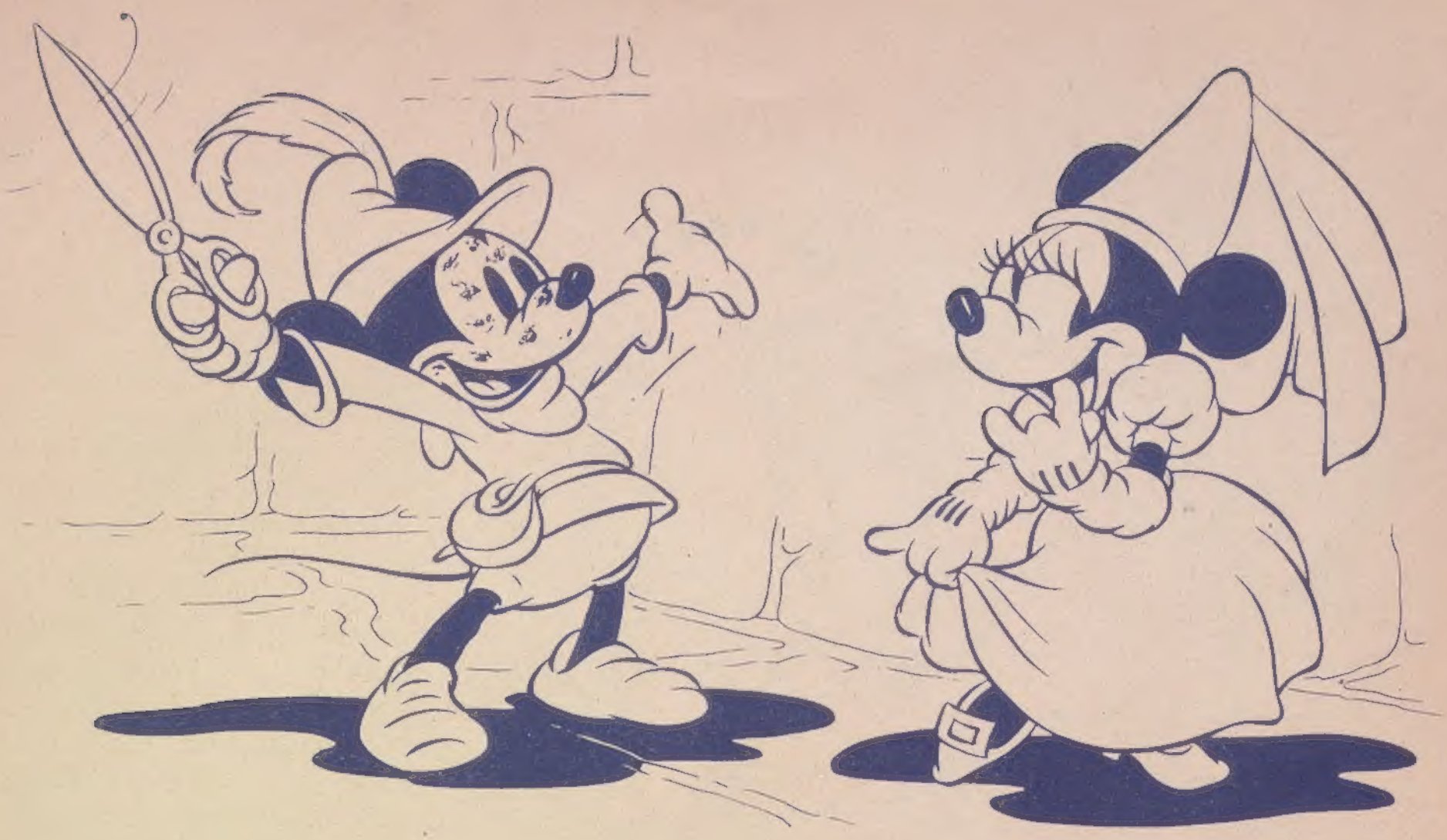
Mickey squirmed and stuttered trying to get out of killing the giant.

"Heh-heh-heh . . . I-I dunno. ."

"Three million, four, five, six . . ." the King kept on shouting until Minnie tugged at his sleeve and whispered in his ear. Then he added with a cough, ". . . and the hand of the Princess Minnie!"

"The PRINCESS!" Mickey cried, clapping his hand to his forehead. Before he had time to





recover from this shock Minnie rushed down the steps and spread his astonished face with bright red kisses.

"Whoopee!" he shouted grabbing the scissors from the floor. "I'll cut 'em down to my size!"

STILL walking on air, the tailor strutted out amid the cheers of the whole town. They applauded from the walls of the palace as he walked through the big gates waving his hat majestically.

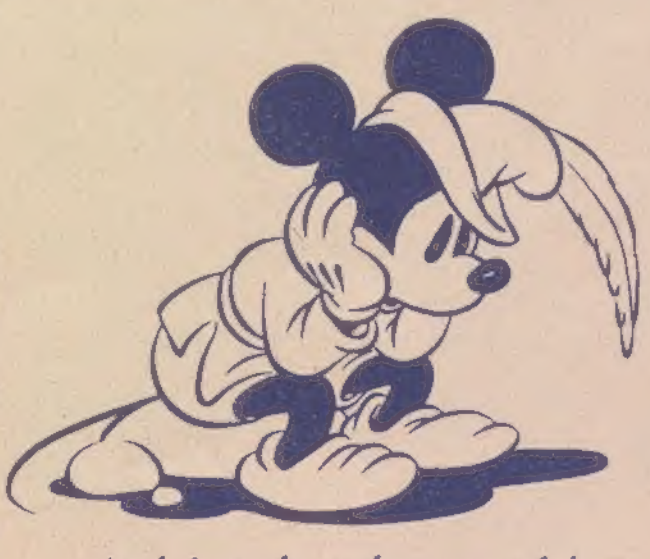
Then . . . suddenly his expression changed. The gates had clanged shut behind him, and he was all alone in a world where giants lurked!

Flying into the air he ran back for shelter and pounded his fists on the closed gates. Then he looked up and saw the Princess standing alone on a balcony high above his head. She smiled and waved her handkerchief encouragingly as he gulped back his fear and waved to her.

"So long . . . I'll be seeing you . . . I hope!" he called and walked away.

SITTING all alone against a big rock Mickey felt very sad.

"Gosh, I don't know how to catch a giant!" he sighed.



And just then the ground began to shake, the rocks trembled and the sun was blotted out.

The Giant was coming!

Mickey had never seen a giant before and for a second he stood perfectly still and stared . . . too frightened to move. Then his feet got under way and went so fast they hardly touched the ground. At that he only missed by a hair being crushed under that gigantic foot!

Still going like a shot out of a gun Mickey jumped into a boat by the wharf and rowed for dear life. Even when the Giant stepped into the puddle and made such big waves that the boat was washed ashore, Mickey didn't stop rowing. He kept right on until he crashed into a shack. A split-second later the shack was trampled to smithereens, but Mickey escaped in the nick of time and dived into a cart of pumpkins to hide.

And then all was quiet. Mickey peered out to see what had happened . . . but he popped under again quicker than he had come out. The Giant was resting, sitting on a barn almost beside him. Under the pumpkins Mickey's heart went thumpety-thump-thump and made such a racket he was sure he'd be discovered.

But that wasn't what made the Giant notice the pumpkins. He was hungry.

"Mmmmmmm . . . fruit!" he thundered and reaching out his long arm, he picked up a handful of pumpkins like so many cherries. On the way up Mickey looked out between the Giant's fingers before he was tossed into his mouth, along with the pumpkins.

And what a lively time he had inside skipping pumpkins that rolled over the Giant's tongue like barrels being stowed away down the black hold of a ship. Several times he was almost carried down too, then he grasped the big palate and swung back and forth like a pendulum of a clock.

But you can just imagine how that made the Giant feel . . . it sent him into a fit of hiccoughs. Clapping his hand over his mouth he looked around for water and pulled up a whole well for a drinking cup.

When he opened his mouth to drink, Mickey who had fallen down on the Giant's tongue again, made a dash to escape. But he suddenly found himself swimming and struggling in a torrent of water that carried him down . . . down . . . down.

Ugh! It was dark. Only two round eyes shone through the blackness but Mickey couldn't see them because they were his own eyes. He struck a match. Yellow pumpkins bobbed up and down like Hallowe'en apples in a tub, while Mickey sat in the bucket from the well which dangled on the end of its rope.

Then, all of a sudden the match blew out as the bucket and all was yanked up and out of the Giant's mouth as he threw the well away. It smashed against a tree, but the Royal High Killer of the Giant jumped from the bucket and landed on a pile of soft hay . . . and lost no time diving out of sight.

"Smoke," roared the Giant and snatched up the haystack . . . alas! With a twist of his fingers he neatly twirled the hay inside its cover and rolled it into a cigarette.

"Heh . . . heh . . . heh!" he chuckled contentedly as he lifted the roof from a near-by house and took out the stove. Flipping back the lid with his thumb he lifted the flame toward the cigarette—just as Mickey popped his head out and right back in again!

Resting his elbow on a silo the Giant took a long puff of smoke and stared in bewilderment at the funny noises that came from his cigarette.

"Ah . . . ah . . . CHOO!" exploded Mickey, bursting the cigarette in two. And there he sat as plain as day right under the Giant's angry eyes!

But just as the Giant was about to grab him, the little tailor jumped onto his nose and swinging from one eyebrow to the other, he pulled himself up on the forehead and took a firm footing in a wrinkle. Then . . . the wrinkle vanished! And Mickey tumbled off right into the Giant's hand. It was a terrible moment. But Mickey didn't hesitate. Drawing his scissors, he shouted:

"Don't move, I got you covered!" and stabbed the Giant right on the nose.

Ohhhh! The Giant was mad. He brought his other hand down over Mickey as though he would swat a fly . . . but too late. The fly had jumped down his sleeve!

"Yoo-hoo!" Mickey called, waving his hat, and disappeared.

The Giant was madder than ever and rammed his hand up his sleeve. But one-two-three the lit-

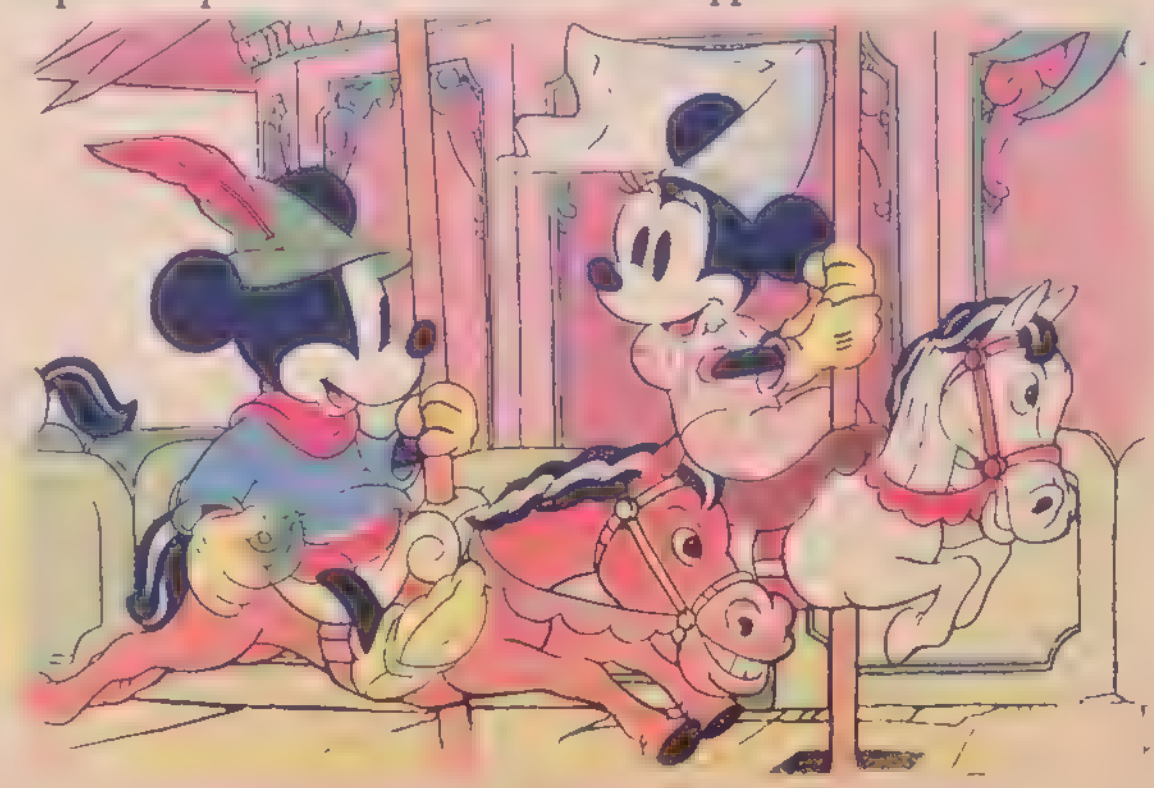
tle tailor had slit a hole in the sleeve near the shoulder and jumped out, and when the hand poked through the hole after him, he was ready with needle and thread to sew up the opening. The Giant was caught. He couldn't get his hand out again.

And quick as a flash the tailor was up the Giant's ear to the top of his head where he looped a lasso over his big nose and fastened it well to his topknot.

The Giant looked very funny with his nose pulled back to his eyes and his hand sewed in his sleeve . . . but he looked even funnier when the Brave Little Tailor swung round and round him like a maypole, binding him securely with rope from his head right down to his feet. And when the Giant tried to get free he toppled over like a big tree. The earth quaked and big rocks rolled down on the helpless Giant's head and knocked him unconscious.

THE WHOLE town turned out to celebrate . . . and they made the Giant help although he didn't know it, because he was sleeping soundly. Everytime he breathed he blew the windmill which was put close by him on a hill. The windmill spun round and made all the power for the carnival. It turned the Ferris Wheel, ran the Loop-de-Loop and the Scenic Railway. Everybody had a wonderful time. The Princess Minnie rode beside the Brave Little Tailor on the Merry-Go-Round, while just in front of them, going up and down on a rosy pig and licking an ice-cream cone, was the King. He was having a wonderful time and yelled at the top o' his lungs—

"Yippee!"



Wise

"Don't cry, Sonny, Grandpa will play Indian with you."

"B-but y-you won't d-do, you're scalped already."

Samuel Lizer
Fort Wadsworth, S.I., N.Y.
Age 11

Pat got a letter from his wife saying, "All the boys have gone to war. I shall have to dig the ground for the potatoes myself." Pat wrote back, "Don't dig. That's where the guns are hidden." The letter was censored and the soldiers sent out to dig the garden. Pat's wife wrote him to find out what she should do as she was at her wits end with all the digging. Pat's answer was short and snappy. "Put in the potatoes."

Bob Kozelka,
Minneapolis, Minn.

BRAVE

"Look! A lion track!"

"Sure enough! You go see where he went, and I'll go see where he came from!"

David Eclenso
Seattle, Wash.
Age 13

Mother: I see a star in heaven, son.

Son: Who is it?

Dolores Englert
South Ozone Park
L. I., N. Y.
Age 10

Three city chaps were visiting in the country for the first time. Presently two of them got into an argument over what kind of an animal a heifer was.

"It's a sort of pig," declared one.

"Not on your life," returned the other, "it's a kind of sheep."

Finally they called on the third.

"Rex," said the first, "what's a heifer? Is it a pig or a sheep?"

Rex scratched his head.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I dunno much about poultry."

Edward W. Gilbert
Martinsville, Ill.
Age 12

Zeke: How long has your son Josh been in college?

Hiram: About four cows, two horses, forty bales of hay and a couple loads of pumpkins.

Alwin Meyer, Jr.
Mendota, Ill.

Mary and Bobby were sitting at the table eating blueberry pie. Rover their big collie dog was licking his paws. Mary (dropping her pie) "Oh, Bobby! Don't let Rover ruin my pie!" Bobby (happily) "You don't have to worry, Mary. I've already got my foot in it."

Evelyn Hull Maddox
Washington, D. C.
Age 9

Joe and Moe came running out of the hen house. Joe said, "What's dem flies followin' us for?" "Dem ain't flies, dem buckshot," Moe replied.

Griffin Brainerd
Redding, Calif.
Age 9

Man: Must be awful to be a bill collector. You must be unwelcome wherever you go.

Bill Collector: Not at all, practically everybody asks me to come again.

Robert Anderson
New York, N. Y.
Age 10

Quacks Edited by Donald Duck

Uncle (showing three-year old niece a dollar and a penny): Jean, which do you want?

Jean: The penny.

Uncle: Why?

Jean: Because the other is just paper.

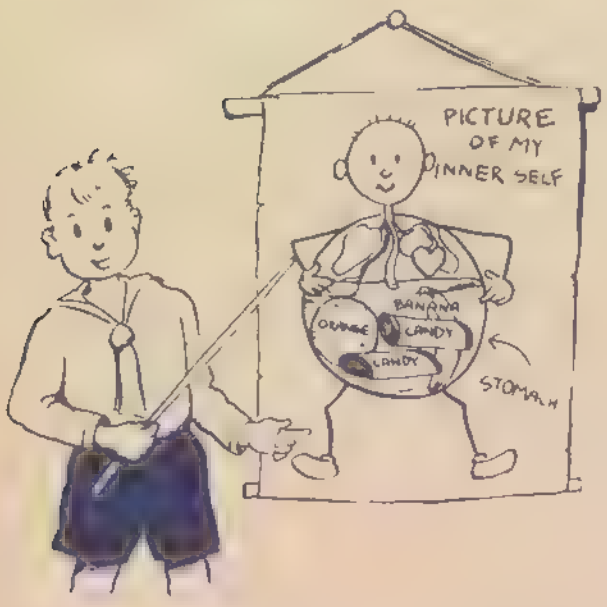
Noah Zeitmann
Chicago, Ill.
Age 8

LADDER, GO!

Joe to Jim who is high up on the ladder: Hey, Jim, that ladder is turned upside down!

Jim: I know it. I put it up that way so I'll be near the bottom if it falls.

Ronald Rhodes
Portland, Oregon
Age 8



Teacher: Now, children, I want you to write a composition telling about yourselves.

So Tommy wrote:

Inside of me I have a heart, lungs, liver and a stomach.

Inside my stomach I have an orange, two chocolate bars and a banana.

Juanita Pancoast
Gailesville, Fla.
Age 10

Son, thoughtfully: How old are you, father?

Father: 32 years old.

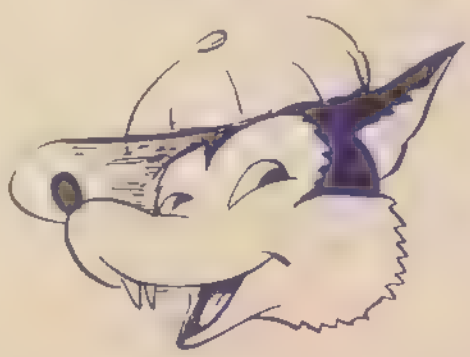
Son: And how old was I when grandpa was born?

Dionisio Friolo,
Caridad, Cavite, P. I.

Question: Why is a clever crook like a baby fox?

Answer: Because he is a little foxy.

Jeanne Sanchez
Chicago, Ill.
Age 11



A little boy was reading without raising or lowering his voice. The teacher asked him to read the sentence over. He said again, "Where are you going?" The teacher said, "Johnny, that isn't right. Try again." "Oh, I see, teacher," he exclaimed and proceeded to read, "Where are you going, little button-hook."

Nancy Lou Stein
Congress Park, Ill.
Age 9

Send your joke in today—which is your permission for us to print it—and don't forget to give your name, address and age. You may win a prize! Address your letter to DONALD DUCK, Editor, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Tommy: Teacher, is this waltz part of the symphony?

Music Teacher: Why no, Tommy, can't you see it says "Opus 36 from the string serenade."

Tommy: Well, what moving picture did the symphony come from?

Gilman Collier
New York City
Age 9

DITCHING THE DITCH

Tit: I heard Tat was hurt. How did it happen?

Toe: Well you see that ditch over there?

Tit : Yes.

Toe: Well he didn't.

Dick Owen
Oak Park, Ill.
Age 9

It was an old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she was watching the driver put his hand out of the window to signal. At last she spoke up and said, "Young man you tend to your driving and I will tell you when it starts to rain."

Richard Stockton
Winston-Salem, N. Car.
Age 7

A MAGIC NIGHT

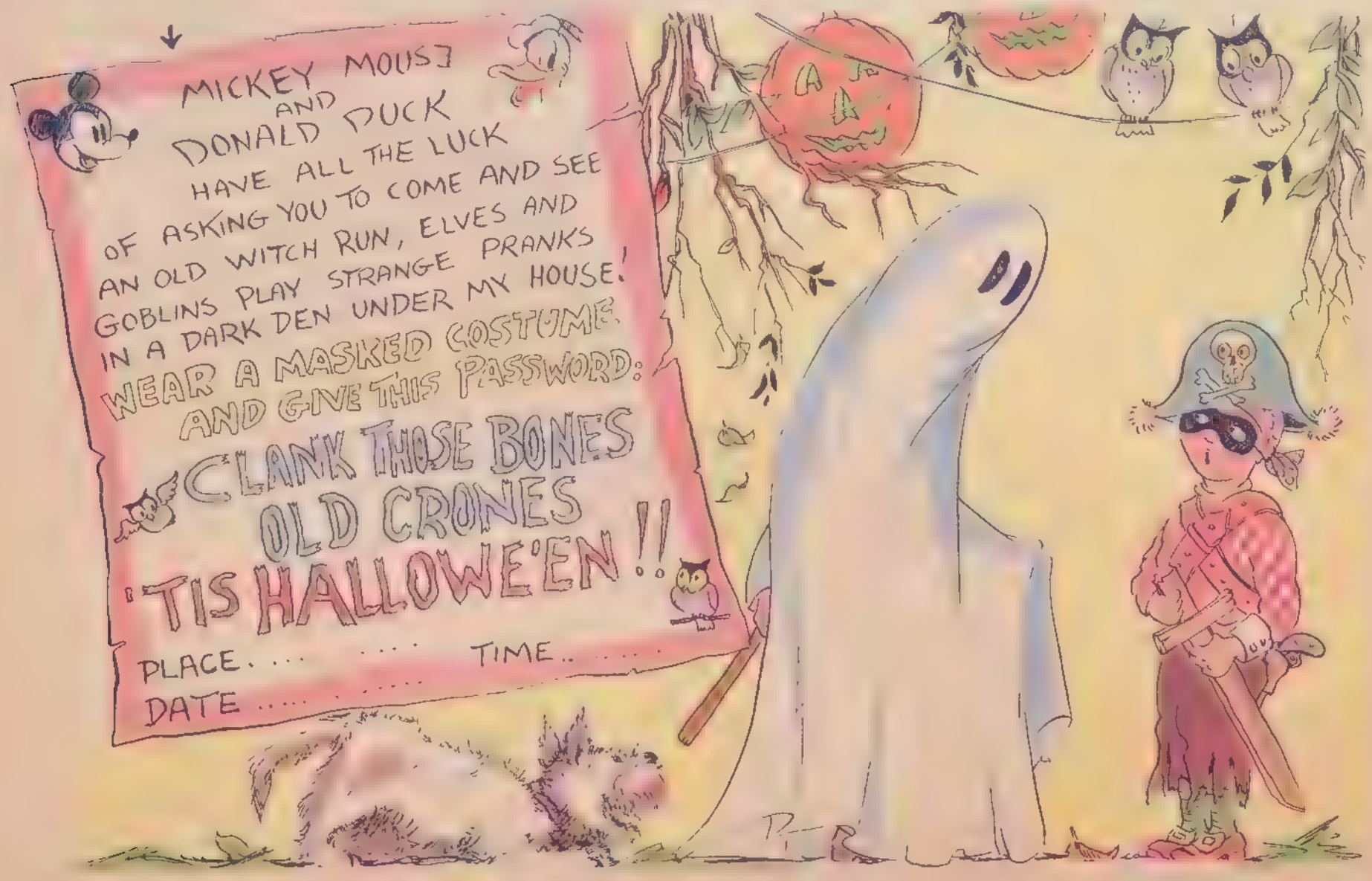
On the very last day in October every year the fairies are abroad. Witches, elves, and ghosts are wandering about, too. It is a magic night when one can look into the future. Dark-eyed gypsies will tell your fortunes and they are sure to come true! It is Hallowe'en—a night of deep dark mystery—a night of real good fun and lots of laughter.

If you are planning a party, surround it in mystery. Keep it all a secret! You might drag Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck into it and send out invitations that go like this:

When the fateful night arrives and the guest has given the password—swing open the door. (*If it is possible to have the entrance by way of the basement of your house all the better.*) You may have a ghost answer the door wearing a wet kid glove over his hand to give a cold clammy handshake in the dimly lighted entrance—a sputtering candle or a dim jack-o-lantern. If leaves are strung about, it will give the effect of a forest. You may arrange to have the guest pass through several dens: One where a gypsy fortune teller sits and stirs a pot of brew, saying in a rasping voice: "Your supper boils . . . boils . . . boils"; in the next, a broom with a hat mounted on it and an old white sheet draped around it to look like a ghost; and in the next, a strong wind coming from a dark place (electric fan) unexpectedly.

And at last the guest will enter the room where everyone else is gathered after having come through the same ordeal.

Of course there will be a tub where everyone will duck for apples, and there will be apples hanging on strings where each


MICKEY MOUSE AND DONALD DUCK
HAVE ALL THE LUCK
OF ASKING YOU TO COME AND SEE
AN OLD WITCH RUN, ELVES AND
GOBLINS PLAY STRANGE PRANKS
IN A DARK DEN UNDER MY HOUSE!
WEAR A MASKED COSTUME
AND GIVE THIS PASSWORD:
"CLANK THOSE BONES
OLD CRONES
'TIS HALLOWE'EN !!
PLACE. . . . . TIME. . . . .
DATE . . . . . .

one will try to take a bite. And here are a few suggestions for the losers to be made to do as a penalty:

1. Pretend you are an owl laying an egg
2. Donald Duck—very mad
3. Pluto being chased by a ghost
4. Minnie Mouse singing a song
5. Clara Cluck out for a walk

Some more games are:

APPLE-SEED TEST

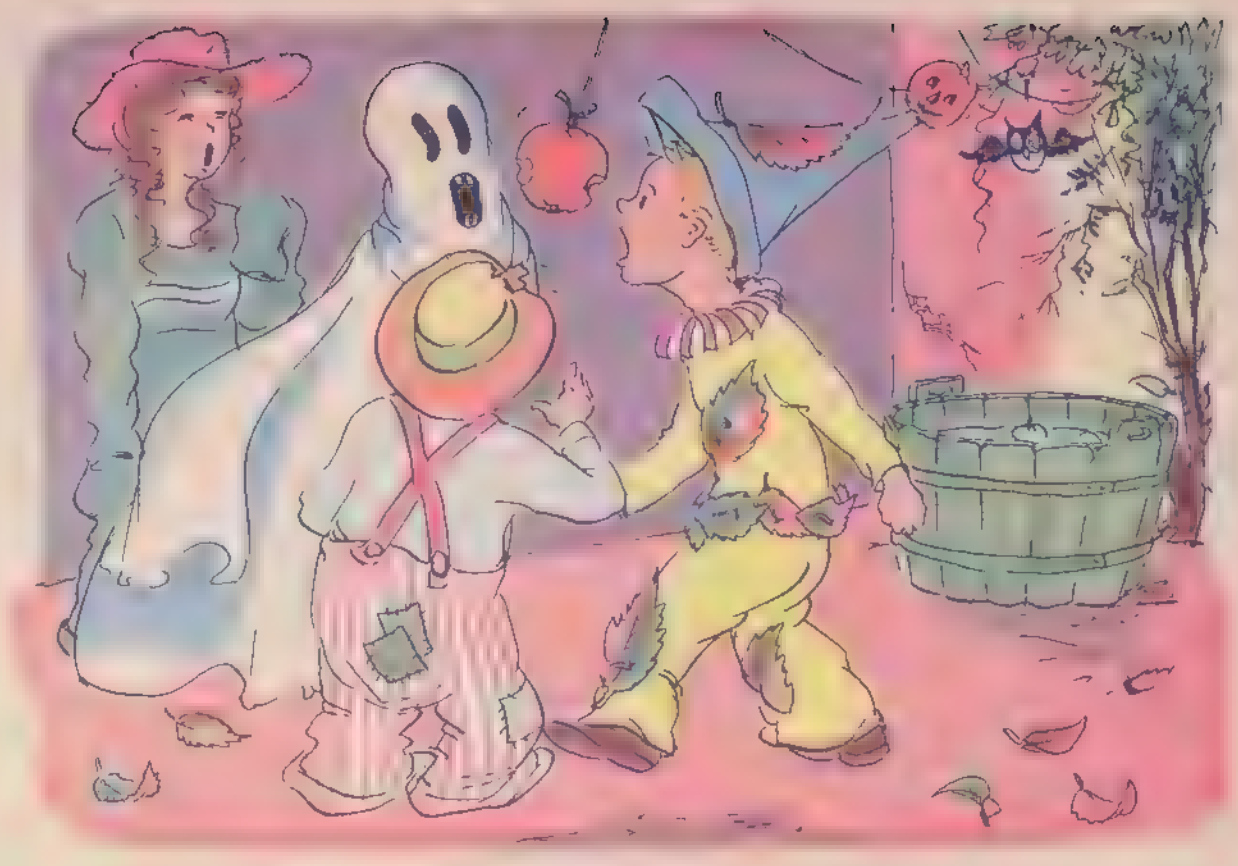
Cut an apple open and pick out seeds from the core. If only two seeds are found, they show fame as a tennis champion; three, unexpected fortune; four, round-the-world trip; five, a cross-country trip; six, great fame in the air; seven, great happiness; more than seven seeds, your most desired wish will come true.

PUMPKIN SEEDS

Pumpkin seeds act as charms on Hallowe'en. Stick one in each eyelid and name one *college* and one *travel*. If the one named "college" stays in longer you are sure to go to college; if the one named "travel" remains, you will have a long trip.

BURNING THE NUTS

Another certain method of consulting the future is to throw two nuts into the fire. If they burn brightly, then a happy marriage is in store for you. If one nut burns steadily, while the other pops—no doubt owing to an air cavity within the shell—then a quarrel is probable, with a possibility of "making it up" afterwards. But if both nuts prove sulky, then trouble may certainly be expected.



LIGHTING THE CANDLE

This is really a "luck" charm, but it is amusing, and could be played as a game. Two chairs are placed a slight distance away from each other—in many cases, the chairs are placed farther apart, and a narrow plank is rested between them. The object is for the player to mount one chair, with an unlighted candle in his hand, while a lighted candle stands on the far chair; then for the player to light his candle from the other one, without losing his balance when bending down, and get back again.

If two chairs are used, the player must stride across with one foot; so they should not be very far distant. A bowl of water and an empty tumbler could be used, if you do not wish to play with fire, as a player may overbalance and sprawl across the second chair.

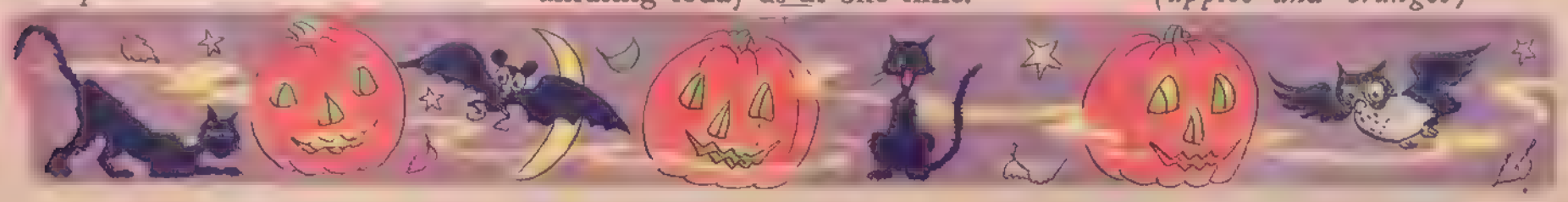
In its ancient form, a tub of water was placed between the chairs ready to receive any unlucky person, man or maid, who failed to light the candle. But this might not appear quite so amusing today as at one time.

HIDING RING, THIMBLE, and PENNY

Hide these three objects in the room where the party is being held. To the one who finds the ring a speedy marriage is certain; the thimble, also, foretells a life as an old maid or a bachelor; the penny promises wealth.

And here are a few suggestions for the menu:

Mickey's Surprise
(pumpkin pie)
Wedding Rings
(doughnuts)
Witches' Brew
(cider)
Dead Men's Teeth
(candy chicken corn)
Love Apples
(apples and oranges)



Characters

BOY
GIRL
THEIR NURSE
BALLERINA
RAGGETY ANDY
JACK-IN-THE-BOX
OLD FASHIONED GIRL
ONE-LEGGED TIN SOLDIER
TWO OTHER SOLDIERS

Scenes

SCENE I—Outside the curtains.....Evening

SCENE II—Toys on a table.....Midnight

SCENE III—The nursery.....Morning

Scene I

SCENE: *Outside the curtain. Enter little girl running, followed by boy.*

BOY: Give me my tin soldier.

GIRL: Why?

BOY: Because I want him.

GIRL: He's only got one leg.

BOY: Well, that's all your new paper doll has.

GIRL: She has not. She's a dancer—a ballet dancer. She balances on one leg, and you can't see the other because it's behind her. See! *(She holds out the paper doll.)*

BOY: Give me my tin soldier.

GIRL: Here; I don't want him anyway. *(She hands toy to the boy.)* What do you want him for? You have two other tin soldiers with both their legs.

BOY: I know; but I like this one best, just *because* there wasn't enough tin to finish his leg. He stands as well as the others do. He's braver, really.

GIRL: Poof! If he were, my dancer would like him better.

BOY: Just like a girl! Looks are the only things that matter. A man has more sense. My soldier would love your paper doll, even if she had only one leg.

GIRL: She's got two.

BOY: Well, *if* she only had one.

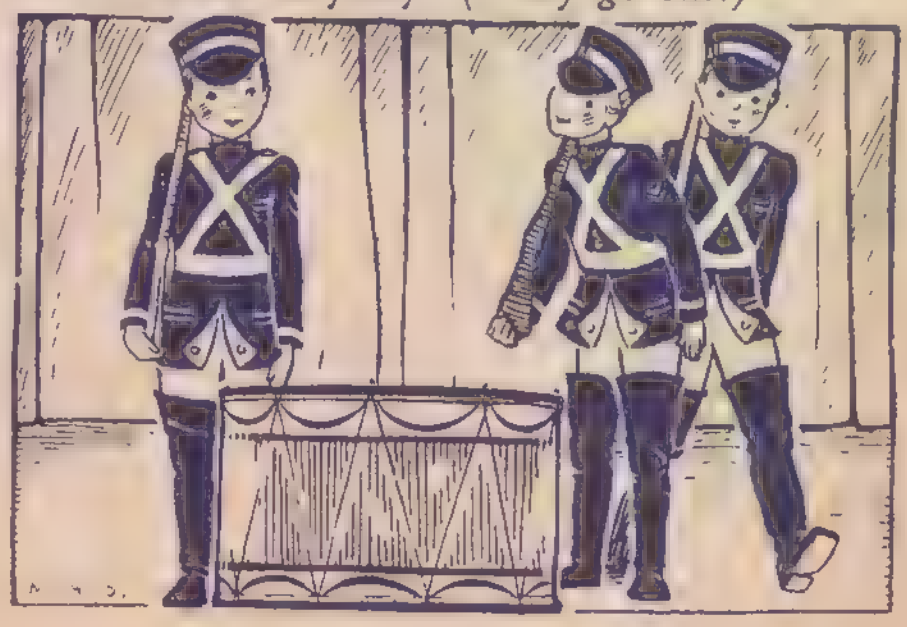
GIRL: She's got two.

BOY: I know. I know.

GIRL: Well, then don't be so silly. *(Nurse enters.)*

NURSE: Come, it's way past your bedtime. Come along; and be sure to put your toys back on the table where they belong.

GIRL: My dancer would never love your old tin soldier anyway. *(They go out.)*



Scene II

SCENE: *On one side are standing two soldiers and before them is a one-legged soldier (he can have one foot in a box so that it cannot be seen by the audience.) On the other side of the stage is a Raggety Andy, all crumpled up in a heap, and an old-fashioned doll with a parasol. At the back is a huge box and near it, on another box, stands the little Ballerina. She is dressed in a short, fluffy dress and is standing with arms outstretched, facing the audience. As the curtains open, she appears to be balancing on one*

leg, so that the other is not visible. There is the sound of a clock striking twelve. As the clock strikes, the two soldiers, Raggety Andy, and the old-fashioned girl begin to move. At the last stroke of the clock, the cover of the big box pops up, and Jack-in-the-Box appears. During all this the one-legged soldier and the Ballerina stand perfectly still.)

JACK-IN-THE-BOX: Whew! It was hot in there. I thought it would never be midnight.

FIRST SOLDIER: Well, let's make merry.

SECOND SOLDIER: Turn on the music box. *(Jack goes to the box where the Ballerina is standing and touches it. Music is heard.)*

OLD-FASHIONED DOLL: Don't you think that music is a bit gay?

RAGGETY: Phooey! I like it. Make's me want to hop. *(She hops around the stage.)*

OLD-FASHIONED: Well—I could minuet to it. *(She does.)*

FIRST SOLDIER: Hurray! Let's practice.

SECOND SOLDIER: Yes, we might have to march for the queen some day. *(They march together.)*

JACK: *(Crossing to the one-legged tin soldier.)* Well, why don't you march with the others?

TIN SOLDIER: Well, you see I only have one leg, and it wouldn't be very dignified for a soldier of his Majesty's to hop.

JACK: You hopped every other night.

TIN SOLDIER: Yes—but—you see—

JACK: You're blushing.

TIN SOLDIER: *(Stoutly)* No, I'm not. Soldiers never blush.

JACK: *(Jumping around him)* You are, though; you're blushing! Look, every one! Our little lame soldier is in love.

TIN SOLDIER: Stop! She'll hear you.

JACK: Who? Raggety Andy?

TIN SOLDIER: If you promise not to tell any one, I'll tell you. Will you promise?

JACK: All right.

TIN SOLDIER: Well, you see that beautiful little lady up there?

JACK *(Laughing)* Not the Ballerina?

TIN SOLDIER: Oh! Is that her name? You see, she has only one leg, just as I; and she doesn't want to hop around and be ungraceful; so I won't either, for then she'd be left all alone.

JACK: *(Jumping up and down)* Oh, this is too rare! And do you love her?

TIN SOLDIER: Yes. But of course she is so lovely, so dainty, so beautiful. She's like a—a rose. And so proud, even if she has only one leg.

JACK: *(Jumping up and down)* Oh, do, every one, come and hear this. Come here, every one. *(Every one but the Ballerina comes forward.)*

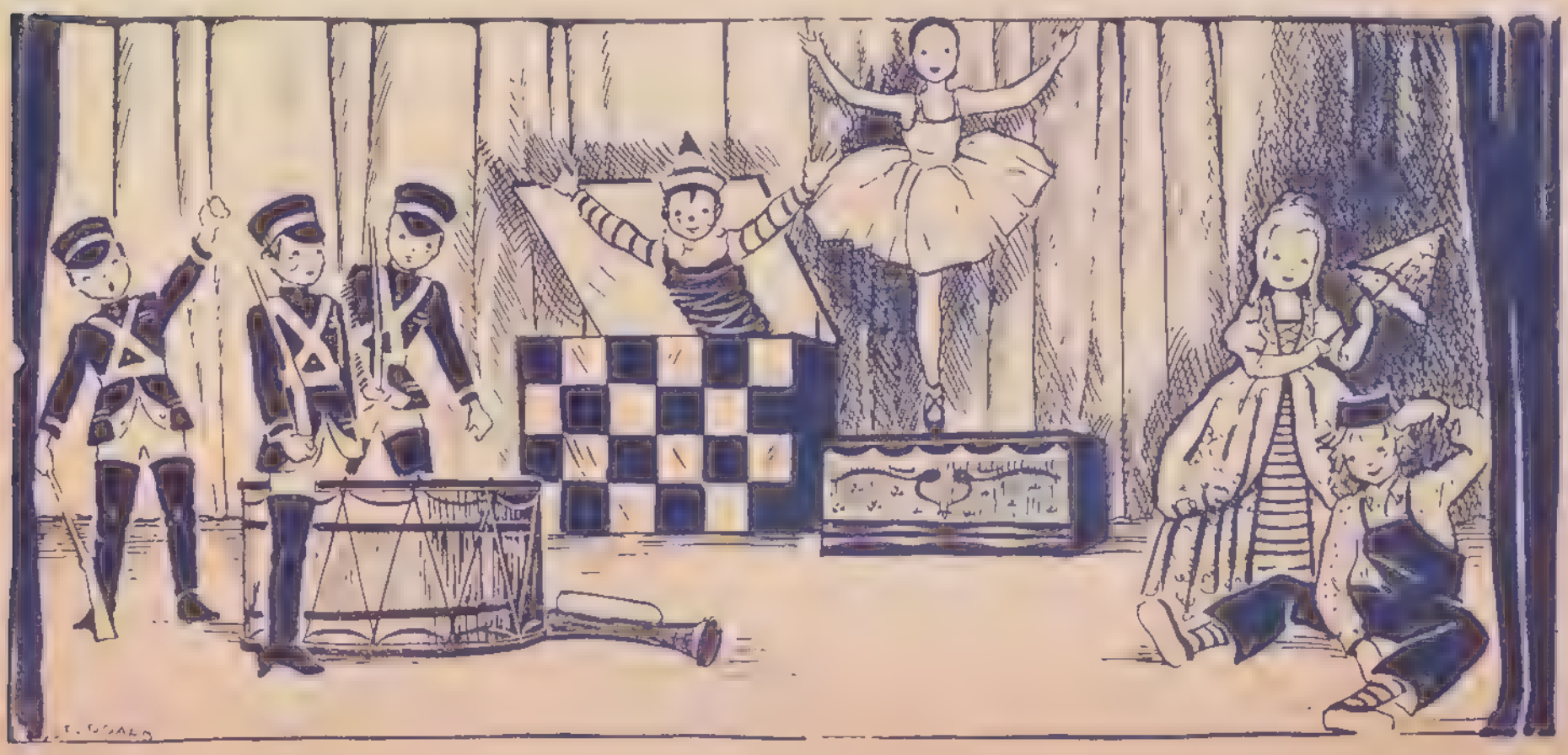
TIN SOLDIER: You promised! You promised!

JACK: He's in love with—the *Ballerina!* And he thinks she has only one leg.

(Ballerina drops her pose and descends from her box with the help of the two other soldiers.)

BALLERINA: Oh, he does! Well, I have two legs, see.

Continued on page 20



TOPSY TURVY CIRCUS

By GEORGES DUPLAIX

Author of *"Pee-gloo," "Gaston and Josephine," etc.*

MONSIEUR Augustin and his wife were the happy owners of a little French circus gaily painted in red and blue.

It was called *"Le Cirque Mirliflor"* and was famous in France and all over the wide world.

You could see the most wonderful things there—acrobats, clowns, a bearded lady and all kinds of animals, including a crocodile who cried real tears every time he heard the Marseillaise.

There was also a giraffe with a very long neck like all other giraffes. Her name was Rosalie and the Augustins were very very fond of her. Every day, to amuse the children, they would dress her up in a starched collar and a bow tie.

Mademoiselle Caroline was Monsieur and Madame Augustin's daughter. She was the lady bareback rider. She danced on her galloping horse and sent smiles and graceful kisses to the audience around the ring.

Rosalie watched her with admiration from behind the scenes. Mademoiselle Caroline was so pretty in her stiff little skirt!

But poor Rosalie was overcome with fear and excitement when Monsieur Augustin entered the lion's cage, and she trembled all over.

For the owner of the *Cirque Mirliflor* was also a lion tamer —a real lion tamer! He had moustaches and a whip, and a red coat with black frogs and beautiful patent leather boots.

"Ah! How brave he is!" thought Rosalie as she watched him boldly put his head in the lion's mouth.

But Brutus, the lion, didn't like it. The moustaches tickled his throat and made him feel like sneezing.

ONE DAY as the Augustins were going to see Rosalie a terrible thing happened—Babylas the crocodile escaped from his cage!

And just as the Augustins were passing by he rushed out on them and biff! With one blow of his mighty tail he

thrust them into his cage and quickly locked the door.

The Augustins shook the bars, cried, called and waved their arms wildly, but all in vain. They were prisoners.

Rosalie's heart was in her mouth when she saw the plight of her friends. What was going to happen now?

What happened was astounding! Rosalie could hardly be-

Continued on page 26

What a big day for the animals

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

Continued from page 17

TIN SOLDIER: Now, you see, you've made her mad.

BALLERINA: You little pip-squeak! How dare you love *me,* the great Ballerina!

RAGGETY: Well, in that silly pose you do look as if you had only one leg. What do you want to hide it for?

TIN SOLDIER: Oh, please, Raggety! You see, Ballerina, I didn't know, I didn't, really. I'm terribly glad you have two legs.

BALLERINA: It doesn't matter to me what you think or feel.

TIN SOLDIER: Then you don't mind if I think I love you, if I do it very quietly—to myself?

BALLERINA: No. Except that you are very rude and daring. However, I shall ignore you. Now I shall dance. Get me a different tune. *(The two soldiers rush to the box and get a different tune. The Ballerina dances round and round.)*

TIN SOLDIER: Isn't she lovely!

OLD-FASHIONED: A bit daring, I think.

TIN SOLDIER: Isn't she beautiful!

RAGGETY: Bah! She's all joints. I haven't any. *(Demonstrates)*

TIN SOLDIER: Isn't she wonderful! *(The Ballerina dances up and down and stops while every one applauds.)*

RAGGETY: I'll hold your musket—if you *want* to clap.

TIN SOLDIER: Oh, thank you, Raggety. *(He applauds.)*

BALLERINA: Why do you applaud? What do you know about dancing?

TIN SOLDIER: Nothing. But you are so lovely.

BALLERINA: Don't be fresh!

TIN SOLDIER: I'm not—really, I'm not. You said I might love you, if I did it silently. And I have—almost.

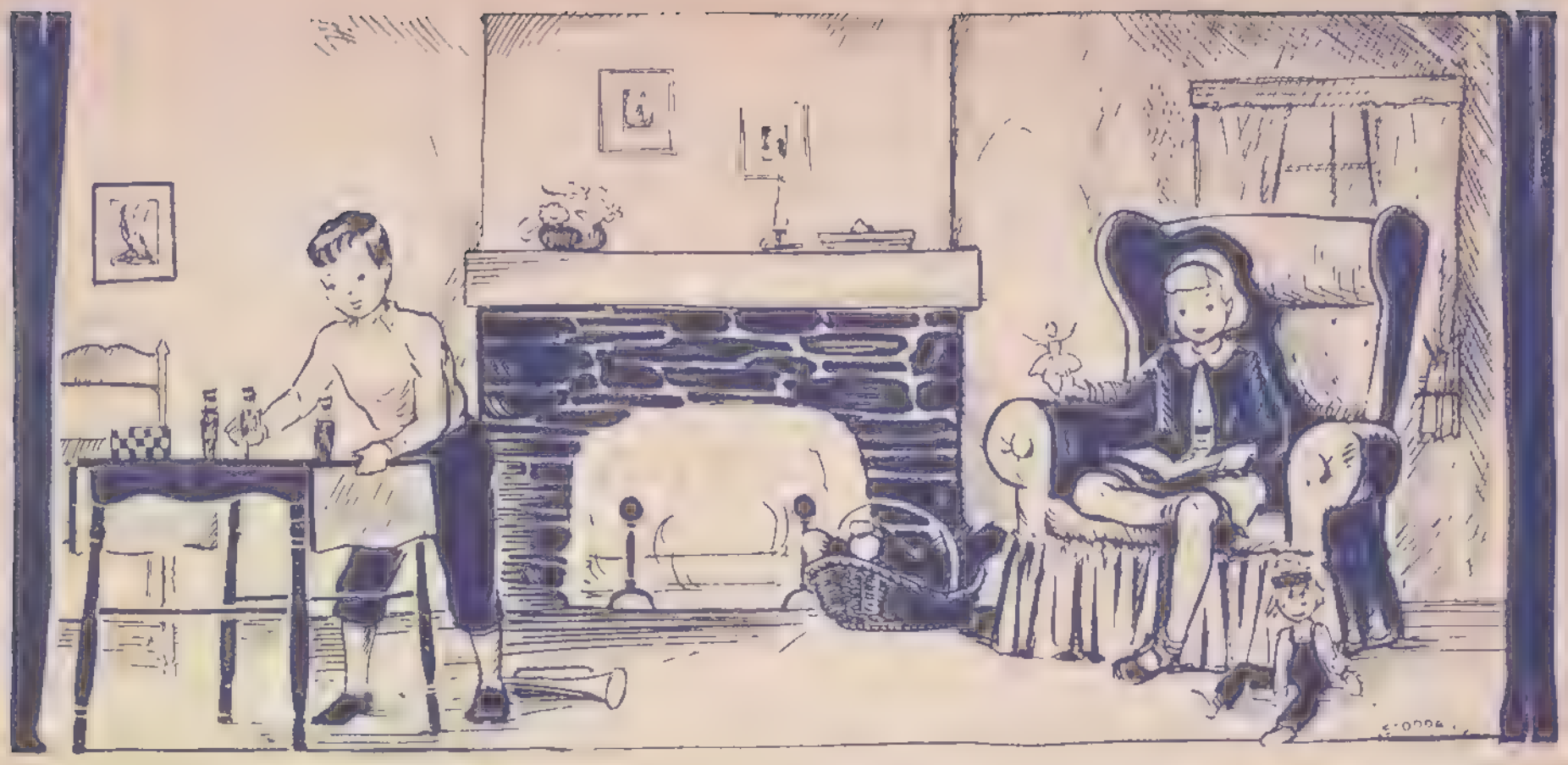
BALLERINA: Bah, I hate you, you one-legged, half-made tin soldier! *(To the other two)* Help me back.

RAGGETY: Here's your gun. Why don't you shoot her? I would.

TIN SOLDIER: *(Shocked)* Oh, Raggety! *(They all go back to their original poses. The music stops.)*

JACK: *(Getting into his box)* Why, he's crying! *(Every one stares at the tin soldier. The Ballerina laughs.)*

TIN SOLDIER: I'm not! A soldier doesn't cry. *(A clock strikes. Every one stands stock still, as the curtains close.)*



Scene III

SCENE: *On one side of the room is a table, on which the toys are, on the other side is a big armchair, at the back is a burning fireplace. As the curtains open, the girl is sitting reading in the armchair, and the boy is standing by the table playing with the soldiers.*

BOY: Left, right, left, right, halt!

GIRL: *(Looking up)* I should think you'd be tired of playing soldier.

BOY: You wouldn't know what fun it is. Left, right, left—

GIRL: Well, can't you do it silently?

BOY: I'm not doing a thing. I'm merely speaking for the captain.

GIRL: I suppose the captain is that one-legged one.

BOY: Of course. Forward march, left, right—

GIRL: *(Getting up)* Oh, do stop!

BOY: Go somewhere else and read.

GIRL: I won't. *(Grabs a soldier)*

BOY: Give it to me.

GIRL: I won't unless you promise to be quiet.

BOY: *(Grabs for the soldier)* Give it to me. *(They fight, the girl throws the soldier, it lands in the fire.)* Now look what you've done.

GIRL: I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to land in the fire, honest.

BOY: My poor little one-legged tin soldier.

GIRL: Here, let's get a poker and get it out. *(She pokes at the fire.)* Bother, it's beginning to melt. I guess we can't get it out.

BOY: If it had been anything else, I wouldn't have minded so much.

GIRL: Perhaps he's dying a valiant death, for his country.

BOY: *(Cheering up)* Of course, he's dying for some noble cause.

GIRL: *(Placing the paper doll by the fire)* There—the little Ballerina shall cheer him on.

BOY: Be careful, she's just made of paper. Oh! look, she's caught on fire!

GIRL: I don't care—I was getting tired of her anyway.

BOY: Look, she fluttered right into the soldier's arms.

GIRL: He was a brave little soldier. Let's have a funeral for what's left of him. All the toys will attend, and we'll make wreaths and things.

BOY: *(Excited)* Yes, a big military funeral. Come on. *(They go out, there is a pause, then the nurse comes in)*

NURSE: What a funny smell! Children! *(They come in.)* What have you put in the fire?

GIRL: I accident—

BOY: My little one-legged tin soldier fell in. We're going to have a big funeral for him and bury his remains.

GIRL: See, that's all that's left of him.

BOY: Look! It's a little tin heart!

GIRL: And the lovely Ballerina is only black ashes.

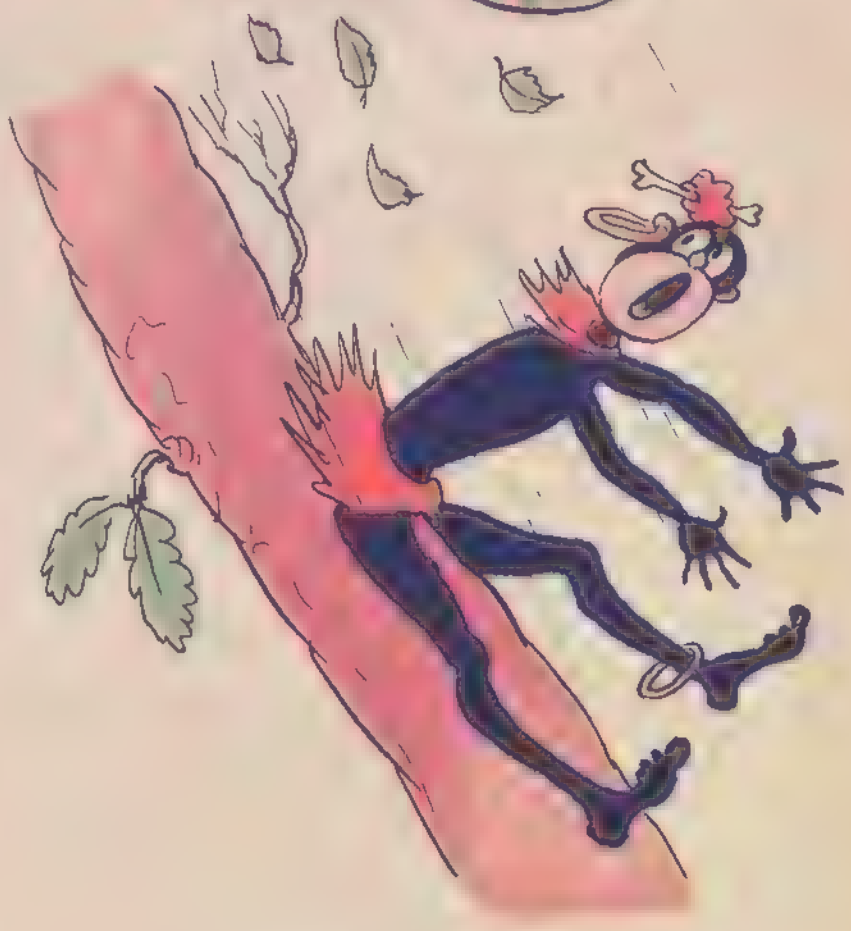
CURTAIN

PETER THE FARM DETECTIVE

10

Peter saw the broken flower hanging from a branch. "That's interesting. I'm going to look into it," he said to Moh-Moh-Goo, one of his soldiers, and they both climbed up the tree.

Halfway up they heard a terrifying *hisssssss!* and a boa constrictor darted out from under the leaves.



"Wah-hoo!" screamed the brave Moh-Moh-Goo and slid down the tree trunk like lightning. Unfortunately no one had thought to grease the tree for him and the poor Moh-Moh-Goo lost a lot of his black skin on the way. And for a long, long time after that it was most uncomfortable every time he sat down.

Meanwhile, high above his head, Peter was staring at the snake's terrible fangs, forked tongue and even his tonsils! His forehead was bathed in cold sweat. "I wish I had a flute!" he thought to himself. "Maybe I could charm this monster."

Puffing out his cheeks and pursing his lips, Peter tried his best to whistle a tune, but he was so scared he couldn't even make a sound.

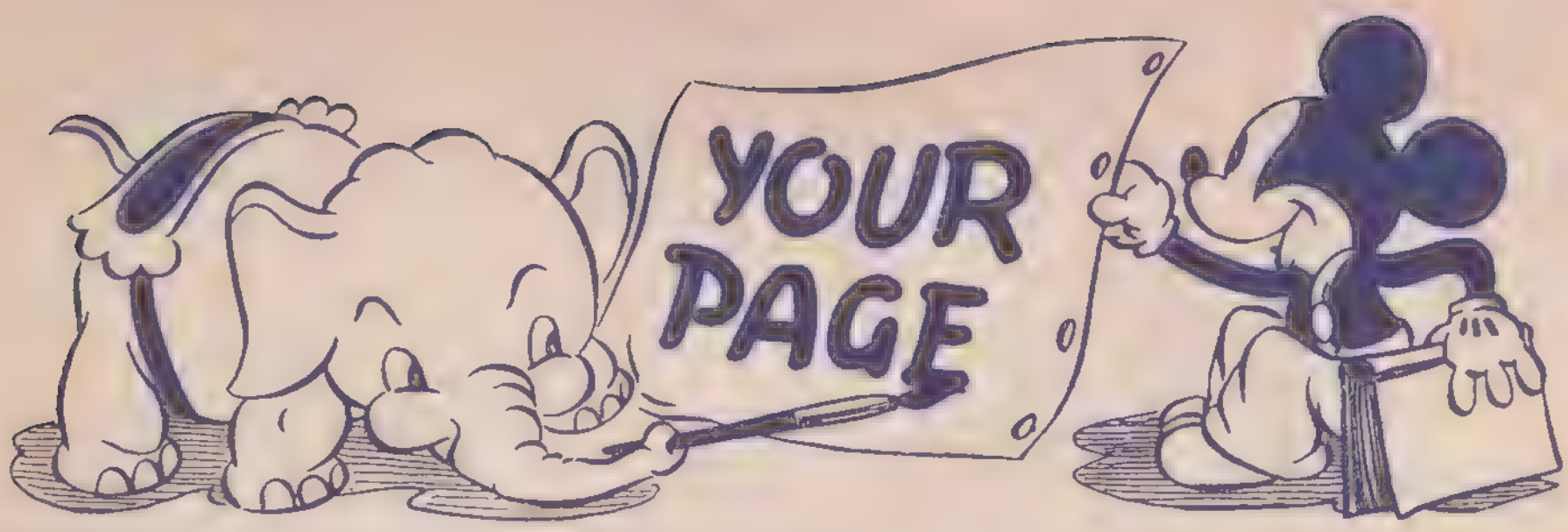
All the while the snake hissed and coiled itself too closely to Peter for his comfort. But just as he was about to strike, a soft shy little whistle escaped from Peter's lips. The snake looked very surprised.

Peter took heart and whistled louder and louder. Of all things, the snake began to dance!

Peter whistled faster and faster and the snake wiggled and whirled, turning round and round until at last he got dizzy and fell helpless to the ground, where the brave Moh-Moh-Goo chopped him into bits with his dagger and there was no more snake.

Immediately a terrible din arose on all sides. All the monkeys in the trees around began to chatter and screech while below the savages danced up and down with loud "Wah-hoos!" and "Wah-oohs!" until Peter cried for silence. "Why all this celebration?" he asked them. "Don't forget . . . we haven't found the Princess yet!"

To be continued



Fire-fly, fire-fly, light your light,
It is dark enough for night.

Jane Van Winkle,
Stone Ridge, N. Y.
Age 7

Phyllis Nelson
Arlington Hts., Ill.
Age 8 1-2

One day when I was walking,
I found a little seed,
I planted it, and it grew up,
Just to be a weed.

Billie June Brenner,
Fresno, Calif.
Age 11

Once I found a very good bone, but my mistress wouldn't let me have it, because she said I had been a very naughty dog. I barked and barked, but still she wouldn't let me have it. Finally I stood upon my hind legs and begged, and then she gave it to me.

I don't like boys who throw rocks at me, because they hurt me. I am sort of funny looking, but my mistress thinks I am cute. Some people like me, and some don't.

I know Janet, the little girl next door, likes me, because every time she comes out in the yard she plays with me. Sometimes I play with her cat, too.

I am nearly two years old, and my mistress says that is pretty old for a dog of my size. I didn't know that until she told me. Maybe I am dumb, but my mistress says I am smart.

Here comes my mistress now. I think I will go to meet her, so goodbye.

Janet Denton
Venice, Calif.
Age 9

THE WOODEN SOLDIER

I've seen a wooden soldier
Who stands all stiff and straight,
He stands back in the corner,
And doesn't have a mate.

I tell you I get lonesome,
To think of that little man,
Who stands all quiet and silent,
And doesn't turn a hand.

He has a little gun,
He has a little knife,
But it surely seems a pity,
That he doesn't have a wife.

Clark Lemley,
Dickinson, Texas.
Age 10

Send in your contribution for Your Page with your name and address written plainly at the bottom. Remember to make your drawings in black only on white paper. Stories and poems and drawings must be original.

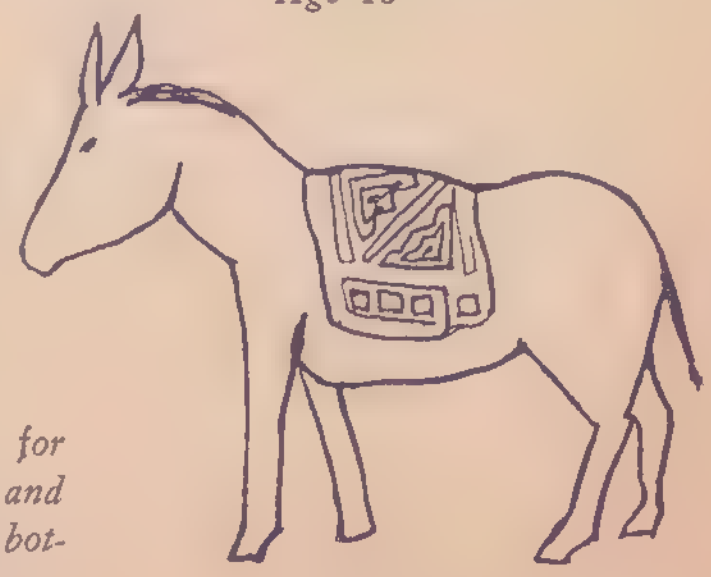
I had a little frog,
He jumped into the water,
He swam to a log,
Saw a fly and caught her.

Sherril Ann Gillette,
Morristown, N. J.

A WALK TO THE FARM

It was a mild sunny day in June, we were taking a walk to the farm. We stopped to pick some flowers for Grandma and Grandpa. I picked daisies, violets, roses, and buttercups. When we arrived Grandpa's dog "Buster" ran up to us and licked our faces. All of us girls gave Grandma our flowers. She thought it was very nice of us to pick them for her. We went in the house and Grandma gave us a lunch. After our lunch we went out in the hen-house and gathered the eggs for Grandma. Later in the evening mom and dad came with the car and brought us home.

Diane Scagnetti,
Garson, Ont. Canada.
Age 10



Jean Marie Bartoes
Wetherstidd, Conn.
Age 11

STAR PARADE

BY DOROTHY BENNETT,
ASSISTANT CURATOR,
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM

HIGH in the south on October evenings can be seen the Great Square of Pegasus. The four-sided star figure is supposed to resemble the white winged horse so famous in the time of the Greeks and the Romans. It is very easy to see the four stars, but very hard to make them look like a horse. In fact they look much more like the stall in which a horse is kept!

This is the white horse that is supposed to have suddenly appeared when Perseus cut off the head of the Medusa. The Medusa's head is near by, too, and can be seen in the hand of Perseus who is also represented in the sky. Even Andromeda, the beautiful young maiden whom Perseus rescued—she is there, too.

What is more, Andromeda's father and mother, Capheus and Cassiopeia are all in a neighboring section of the sky. It is quite surprising how so many of the constellations got their names from the Greeks and how so many of the star pictures seem to be the heroes and heroines of some of the old Greek myths.

TOPSY TURVY CIRCUS

Continued from page 19

lieve her eyes. It was a revolution! The old crocodile behaved like a madman, rushing from one cage to another and freeing all his comrades.

What a big day for the animals!

They danced, they sang, they laughed. The elephant rolled on the grass like a little dog, and Babylas, bursting with importance, screamed at the top of his lungs:

"Look at me! Look at me! I am the greatest general in the world!"

Rosalie came out of her cage and ran quickly to see her friends.

She found Monsieur Augustin tearing his hair with despair. Rosalie thought it was a pity, because he didn't have very much anyway.

And Mademoiselle Caroline was sitting in a corner and crying so hard that her nose

Everything to please the most fastidious epicure

—her lovely little nose—was almost as red as a tomato. While her mother, the plump Madame Augustin, tried cajoling the crocodile.

"Come Babylas," she said, "my little Babylas, my sweet little friend Babylas—open the door for us and don't play such bad jokes."

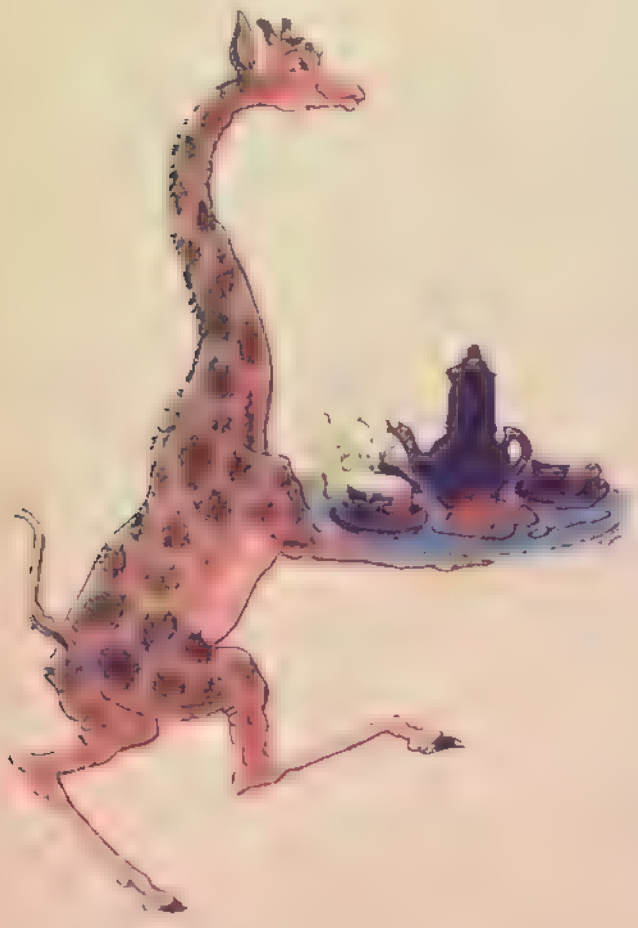
"Ha . . . Ha . . . Ha!" laughed Babylas. "That is not a bad joke at all! Ha! Ha! Ha! It is a very good joke!"

"Boo hoo! this crocodile has a heart of stone," sobbed poor Mademoiselle Caroline.

She was right. Babylas was on his way to raid the kitchen with his comrades.

What a feast they had!

Hams and pot-pies and roasts and jars of marmalade and cakes and candies and fruit and nuts . . . everything to please the most fastidious epicure—even Balourdin the hippopotamus.



All the tempting smells coming from the kitchen only made the poor Augustins more miserable, Madame Augustin especially. As she

Meanwhile the band played all their favorite numbers

was the Biggest Woman in the World she had the biggest appetite.

It was fortunate for her their good friend the giraffe did not forget them. When it was dark she brought them coffee and delicious buttered toast with honey.

As soon as they had finished she slipped back to the house-wagon with her tray and stayed to look around. She was very curious (like all giraffes) and could not resist the temptation to try on Mademoiselle Caroline's hats:

But the crocodile spied her through the window.

"What are you doing?" he said. "Come out here, it's time for the show. And hurry up!"

In the big tent he rubbed Rosalie's long neck with grease and sent her into the ring.

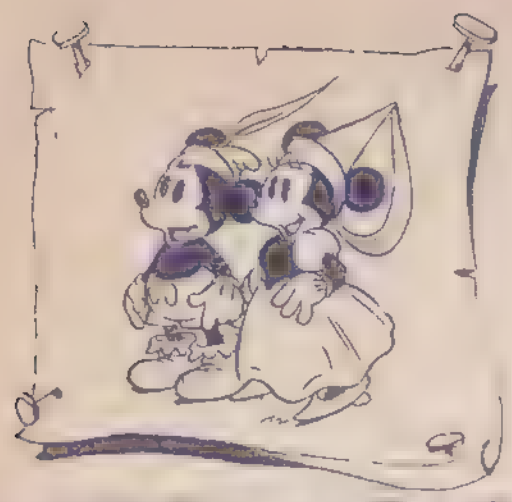
"Hold your head up!" he commanded.

She did and the monkeys tried to climb up to her ears and reach for the prizes hung on her horns. It was very difficult on account of the grease. The monkeys slipped and fell all over one another into the ring.

Everyone burst out laughing.

Meantime the band played all their favorite numbers. Then all of a sudden everything was quiet. The great moment had come!

To be continued next month



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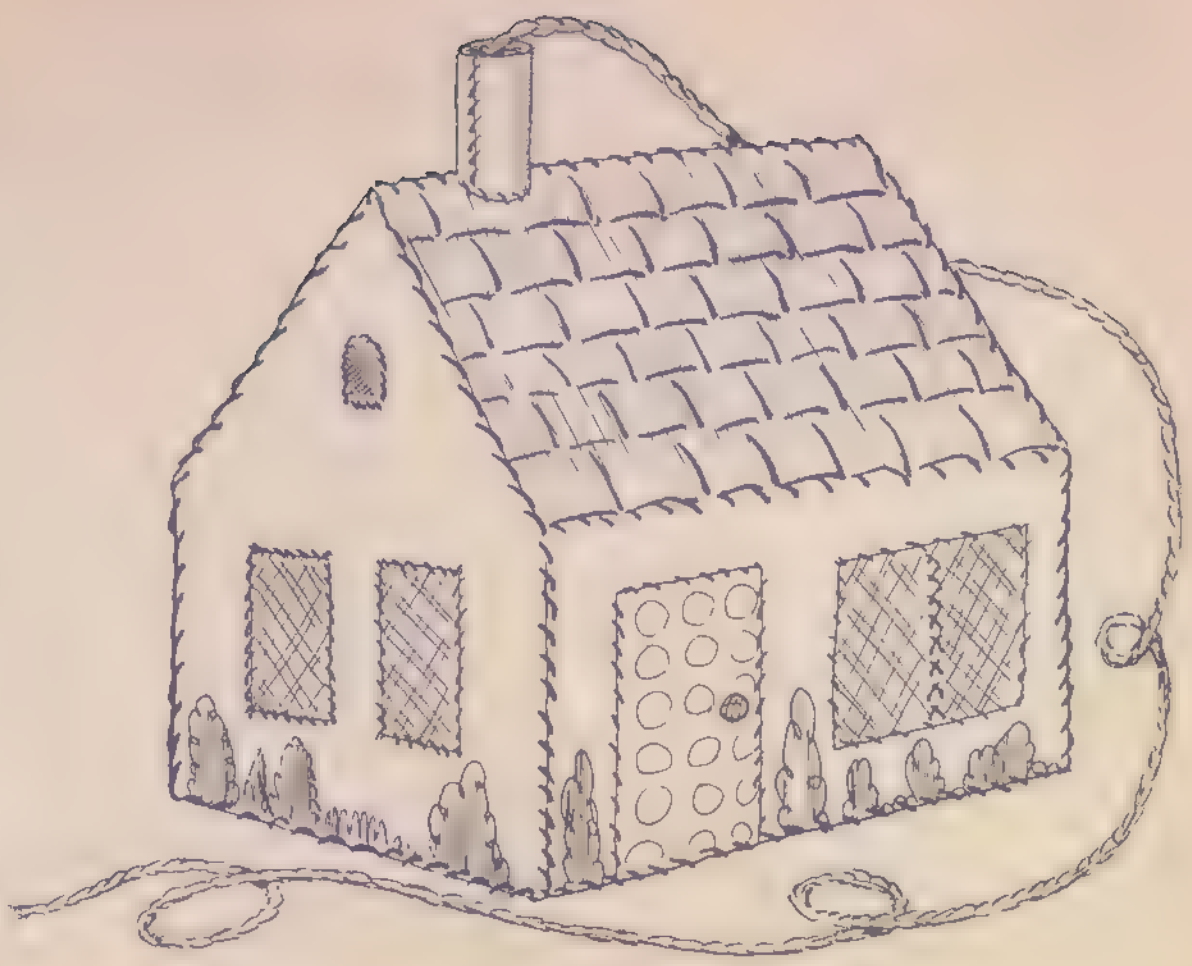


HOME OF THE PRACTICAL PIG

THE DAYS are getting very chilly and knitting needles are beginning to click very fast. So we thought some of you busy knitters would like to make this charming little cottage of bright colored felts to hold your ball of wool. The ball is kept inside and the end pulls through the chimney smoothly and never tangles.

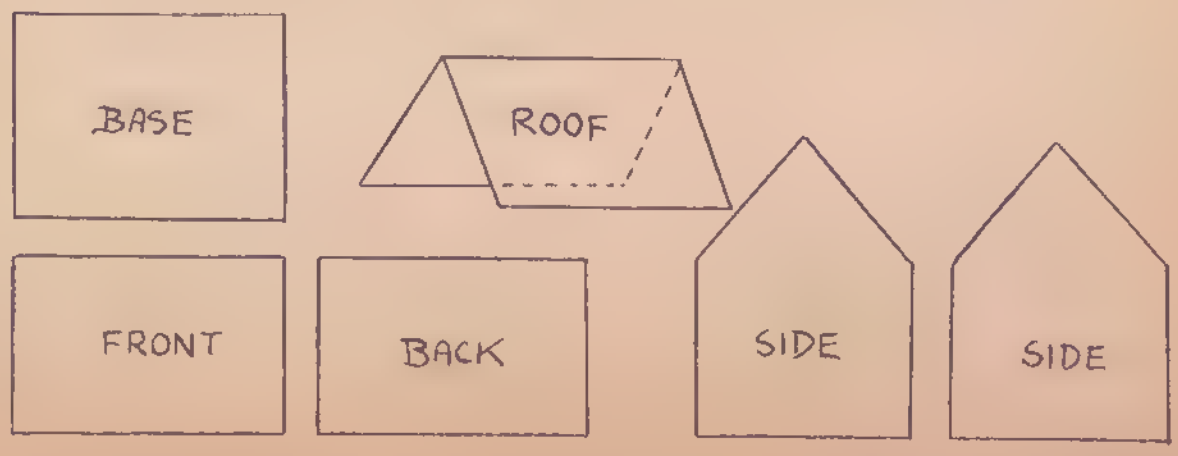
A piece of felt 4 inches square is needed for the base; two pieces 4 inches by 2½ inches for the back and front. Two pieces, each pointed at the top, for sides, should measure 4 inches at the bottom and 4¾ inches from top of point to bottom, the straight sides being 2½ inches deep.

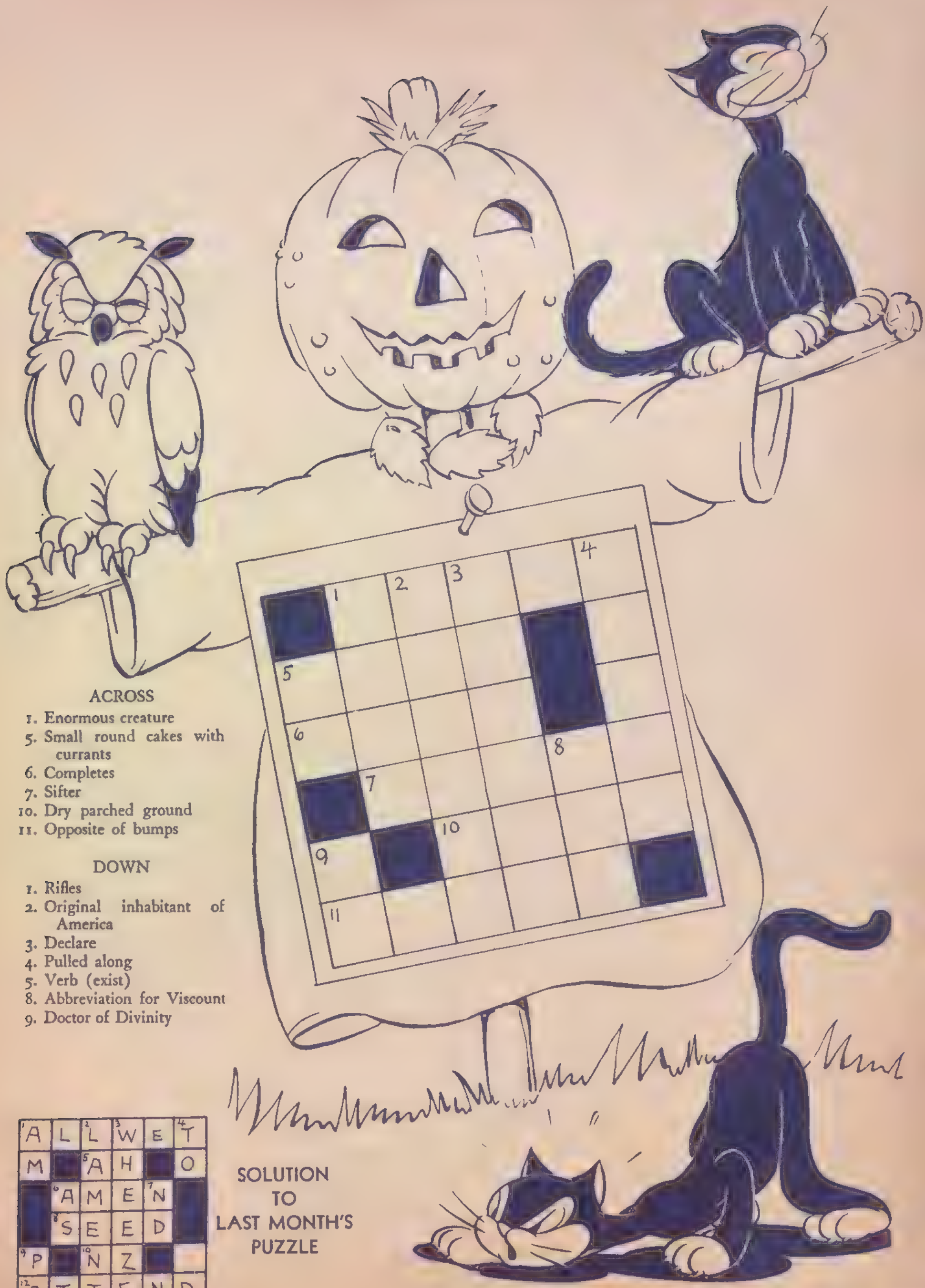
Embroider the windows, the door, and flowers and grass on the walls with colored silks or wool. The roof is cut from red felt and measures 4 inches by 6 inches. Cut away a portion from one of the narrowest sides, leaving pieces at ends jutting out half an inch. Embroider the shingles with a running stitch of black wool.

When you have done this, overstitch the four sides of the cottage together, then overstitch them to the base. Next bend the roof in half (see diagram) and stitch the back part to the back of the house. The two tabs on the front of the roof fasten on to the front of the house with snaps, so the roof may be raised to put the yarn inside.

The chimney is made from a rolled scrap of felt. A tiny circle is cut out of the top of the roof and the chimney stitched on.

Four pieces of thin cardboard the size of the sides of the cottage should be sewn together with the sides, or stuck to them on the inside, to give extra support.



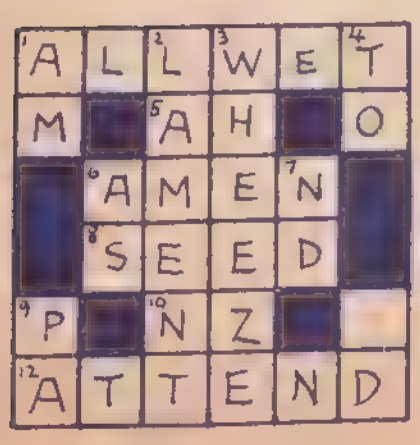


ACROSS

1. Enormous creature
5. Small round cakes with currants
6. Completes
7. Sifter
10. Dry parched ground
11. Opposite of bumps

DOWN

1. Rifles
2. Original inhabitant of America
3. Declare
4. Pulled along
5. Verb (exist)
8. Abbreviation for Viscount
9. Doctor of Divinity



SOLUTION TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

The Story of Verdi's Greatest Opera

Adapted by Robert Lawrence

"THE Metropolitan Opera Guild, Inc. is a group of people who themselves enjoy opera and believe that it may be of enjoyment to everyone. Since many operas are hard to follow unless we know what they are about, the Guild has been glad to prepare this book which will help you understand the ancient war between Egypt and Ethiopia as it touched Rhadames the soldier, Amneris the Princess, and Aida the slave. These were far off times, but Verdi's music can bring them to life for us today, and give us a hint, even in the covers of this book, of the great thrilling drama that is 'Aida.'"

And indeed it is a thrilling drama! Mr. Lawrence has told the story for children, but his fine simple style is so stirring that grown-ups will like it too.

Here and there musical illustrations are woven into the text to carry the themes of

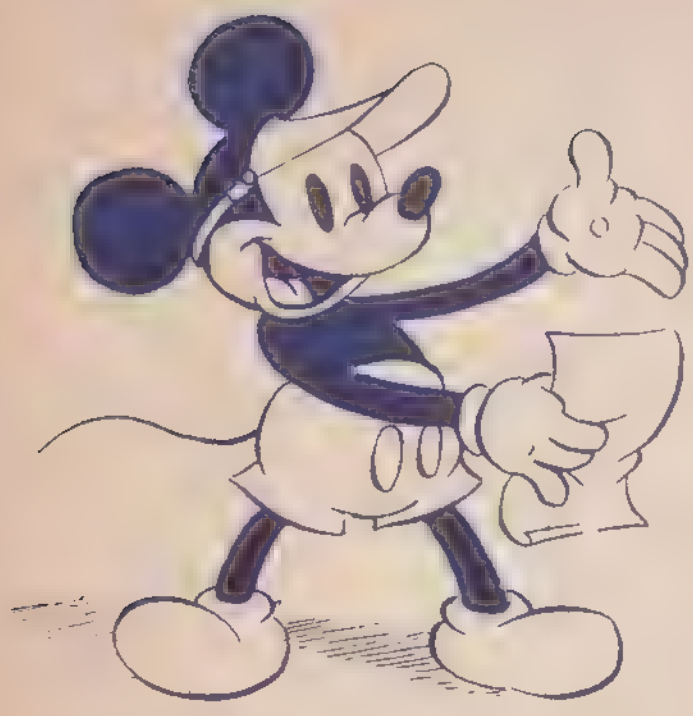
the opera along with the story.

At the end of the book a list of suggested recordings of the music from "Aida" is given. We think this is a fine idea. What could be more fun for a day indoors this winter than to read the book and listen to the music from the opera in your own home? And it will help you to really enjoy the stage performance later. You will be full of anticipation as you hold your ticket in your hand at the door of the opera house. And remembered bits of music will be sounding in your ears as you take your seat before the curtain is drawn. As one act succeeds the other, the well-known story will be unfolded and the recorded selections which you know will be woven into the whole pattern of the music. Good music has that precious quality of growing more and more beautiful as you know it better.

The illustrations by Barry Bart in color and black and white are particularly suited to the story.

Like "Carmen" which was reviewed in the March issue of the magazine, "Aida" is published for use in schools by Silver Burdett, and Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, are distributing it to the bookstores.

The price of the book is fifty cents.



LETTERS to

Dear Mickey:

I am in the fifth grade and I am 10½ years old.

We have a calf named Donald and mother says when we run out of something to do we will teach the calf to quack. We have a ranch in New Mexico.

Well, I have to stop because I have to sprinkle my flowers.

Barbara Lee
Animas, N. Mex.
Age 10 1-2

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I just started getting your magazine this year. I think it is wonderful. I will never stop getting it.

I love the picture of Goofy on the July cover with the fire-crackers for his tail. I also liked the story Dude the Bandit, and Spiky the Hedgehog was awfully cute. I want to know what is going to happen to Peter the Farm Detective.

Catherine Brewster
Brooklandville, Md.
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

I think you are the best thing in the world. I can hardly wait to buy Mickey Mouse Magazine. I wish I could win a subscription to your magazine for I have tried once before and failed. Love.

Betty Jean Piper
Los Angeles, Calif.
Age 11

Dear Mickey:

Do you know that you have many, many pals in Montana? I like "Dude the Bandit" and Book of the Month in the July magazine. I enjoy your magazine very much. My father and mother enjoy it just as much as I do and more I think

We lived in North Dakota before we moved here.

Hope and wish to see my letter in print soon. Tell Donald he is right about firecrackers.

Shirley Ann Campell
Kalispell, Montana
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I have been getting your magazine for the last two years. I enjoy it very much. I like Peter the Farm Detective lots.

Before my kitty got run over I would take it and sit in a chair and we would look at it. Adios.

Pauline Taylor
San Bernardino, Calif.
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

My father works for RKO Radio Pictures and has seen you many times. When he comes home from conventions he always brings lots of Mickey Mouse things. The year before last he brought a Mickey Mouse doll dressed in red velvet. Last year he brought a doll dressed in a cow-boy suit, a Mickey Mouse rug, Mickey Mouse cards, glasses, and a pen and pencil. I also have a Mickey Mouse watch and a dress pin of Donald and Pluto.

I like Mickey Mouse Magazine very much. I get it every month as I have a subscription.

Patricia Lee
Denver, Colo.
Age 10

Dear Mr. Mickey Mouse:

I am glad to say that I have a Snow White doll. I love comics and am glad that there will be eight more pages. I like the stories of Dude the Bandit. I like cowboy stories. Tell your father, Walt Disney, to make Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs come back to Sandusky. Love.

Mary Dauch
Sandusky, Ohio
Age 8

Dear Mickey:

I am sending you another letter because I like you a lot. I liked the last magazine you sent me. I thought "Wise Quacks" was awfully good. Here is a picture of our dog. His name is Windsor. He is a golden retriever.

We have three in the family—Patty, Barbara, and me. Well, I must close now, but this is the second letter I have sent you.

George S. C. Parker
Janesville, Wis.

Dear Mickey:

I like Under the Sea. I get your magazine every time I go to the bookstand.

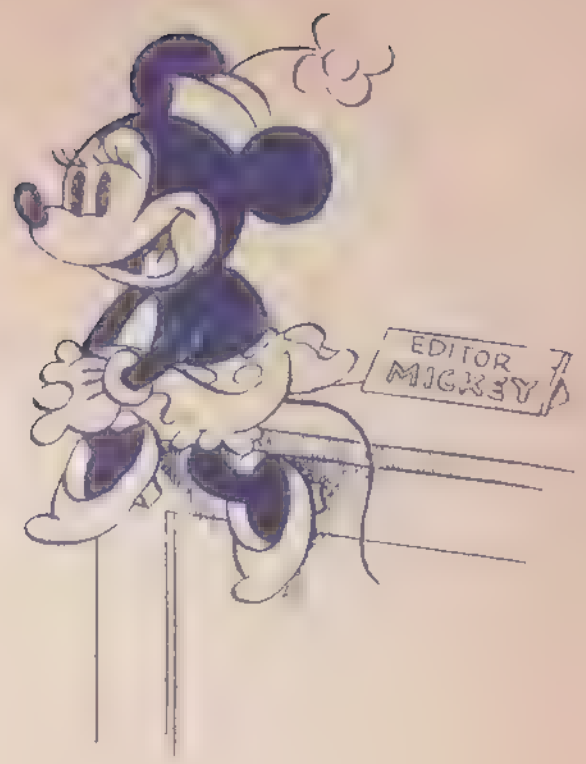
Jimmy Allen
Alexandria, La.
Age 7

Dear Mickey:

I am seven years old. My birthday is November. I like Ducky Symphony best of all. I like the story of the Dusty Little Star. Isn't it a nice day today, Mickey?

Nancy Lee Geyer
Chicago, Ill.

the EDITOR



Dear Mickey:

I enjoy your magazine very much. I am eight years old. I like Ducky Symphony, Pablo A Mexican Boy, The Giant's Castle, too. I will write you again.

Carolyn Hunt
Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Mickey:

Would you please put Toby Tortoise on the cover next month because I haven't seen him on the cover yet.

Jean Grey
New York City
Age 7

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I read the Mickey Mouse Magazine on the train and on the boat on our way to Honolulu.

I had to go to the hospital to get my appendix out, and while I was in the hospital my mother bought the Mickey Mouse Magazine every time it came out.

I like your magazine very much.

Jean Ralph
Honolulu, J. H.
Age 9

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine best of all. My friends like to read it too. When I ride in the pony cart I talk about Donald and the funny things he says.

Lillian Ross McCullod
Elizabethtown, N. C.
Age 9

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I enjoyed your radio program today. I think your magazine is good. I took all of the 1937 magazines and bound them all together. My birthday is January 6. I will be ten years old.

Ramona Williams
Grass Valley, Cal.
Age 10

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I am seven years old. I have a bird. I like the story about "The Dusty Little Star" and the story about "Under the Sea" and "Mistress-Mary" and I hope you will continue the good stories. I am in the first grade. I know how to read and I write a little.

Irlane Butler
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Mickey:

I enjoy your magazine very much. I think Minnie is the best girl alive. I am nine years old and am in the fifth grade. Do you get a lot of letters?

Alice MacGuire
New York City

Dear Mickey:

I really want to tell you what a grand lesson you have taught me. That is to read. I never did like to read till finally one day, I found one of your magazines. Now I always will like to read.

Lena Bassi
Rosedale, Mississippi
Age 13

Dear Mickey:

I like your magazine and my sister cannot read, but she likes to look at it. We can't get two so we fight over it. I liked the Comics. They were Pop-that, Home Sweet Home and Ducky Silly Symphony, Mickey Mouse, Peter the Detective. I liked the stories. But let's not go on with this.

Once I went to Maine and Canada. In Maine I went to my first circus. My grandfather had some roosters. They woke me up. They were only babies but loud.

Robert Dresser
Belmont, Mass.
Age 7

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I am sick in bed today. My brother went down to the store and got me a Mickey Mouse book. It is a very interesting book. As I am a great favorite of crossword puzzles I like that best. Mother is going to get me the book of Mr. Heinie because I love dogs.

Jane Love
Longmeadow, Mass.
Age 11

Dear Mickey Mouse:

I like your magazine very very very much. They have kept me busy. I am using my mother's typewriter. I like the story about Santa's Whiskers. I got a good laugh out of it. I think your ears are bigger than a rabbit's. How is Minnie Mouse? I play the piano. Do you play any kind of instrument?

Florence Nell Goodridge
Camas, Wash.
Age 8

Hello, Everybody:

Isn't this the most exciting bunch of mail you ever read? Two whole pages and still there isn't enough room to print them all!

Remember to put your name, your age and your full address at the bottom of your letter. Address, Editor, Mickey Mouse Magazine, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Your pal,

Mickey

MICKEY THE SHERIFF

THERE OUGHT TO BE A CRICK DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS CANYON!

DAWGONE! IT LOOKS TWICE AS FAR UP AS IT DID DOWN!

WHOOPEE! HE'S COMING TO! THIS'LL FIX HIM!

DAWGONE! MISSED HIM!

FUR GAWRSH SAKES! IF I GO DOWN FOR MORE WATER, PAUNCHO MIGHT COME TO LIFE FIRST AND THEN WHERE'D WE BE?

MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO TAKE MICKEY DOWN!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

I THREW SOME WATER AT YOU, BUT IT WENT ON PAUNCHO BY MISTAKE, AND HE STARTED COMING TO AND---

WELL, FER--- DIDN'T YOU KNOCK HIM OUT AGAIN?

HUH-UH! I NEVER THOUGHT O' THAT!

HEY LISTEN, MICKEY--I BEEN RUNNING UP AND DOWN THIS DURN MOUNTAIN ALL DAY! I'M GETTING TIRED!

WELL, YOU BIG SAP! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO REST! THERE HE GOES-- AND THE STAGE-COACH, AND THE GOLD AND OUR GUNS WITH HIM!

WALT DISNEY

DAWGONE! MY FEET AREGETTING SORE! THEYRE ALL SWOLE UP!

WELL, DON'T ASK ME FOR SYMPATHY! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!

IF WE COULD JUST FIND A HORSE NOW, IF WE COULD CATCH IT WE COULD RIDE IT BACK, IF WE HAD A SADDLE!

LOOK, GOOFY! CATTLE! THERE'S OUR RIDE! COME ON!

YEAH, BUT I AIN'T GOT NO STIRRUPS!

NEVER MIND THAT! JUST CLIMB ABOARD!

(?)

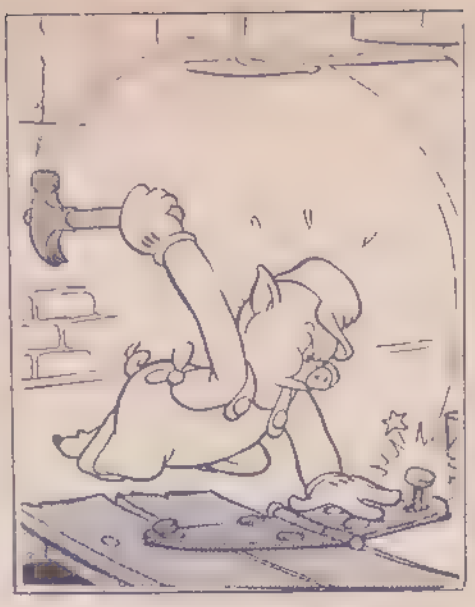
AW, LISTEN, COW! BE REASONABLE! I'M TIRED!

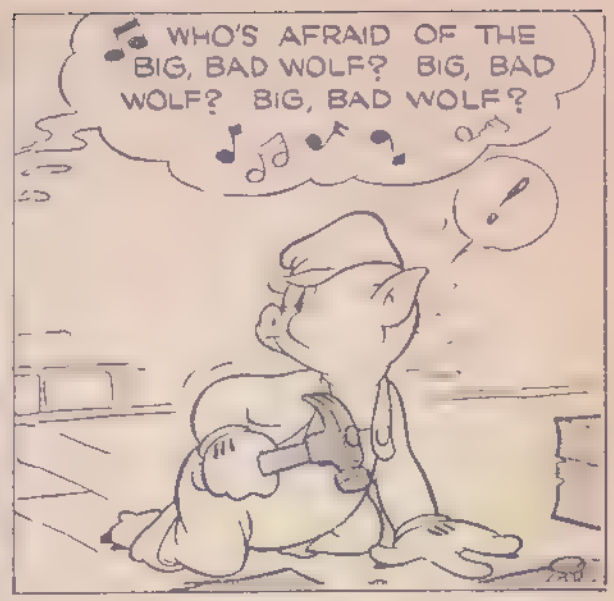
HEY! MY FEET ARE CAUGHT! I CAN'T GET OFF!

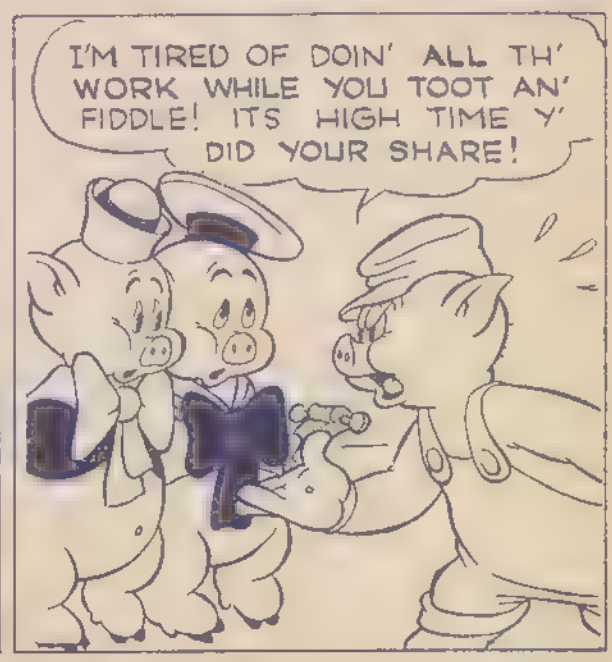
SWELL! STAY ON, THEN! GRAB AHOLD OF HIS TAIL!

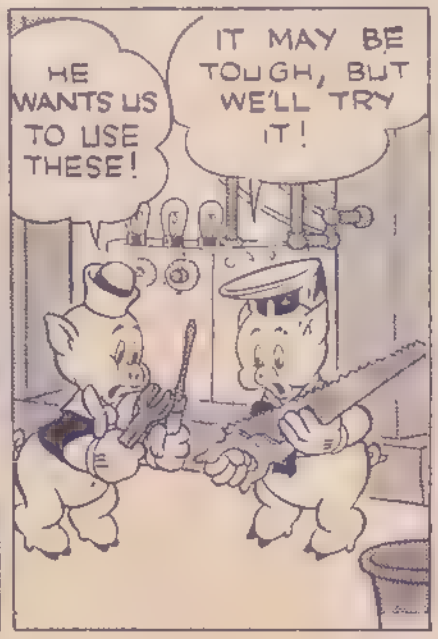
WELL--ALL I CAN SAY IS, IT'S BETTER THAN WALKING!

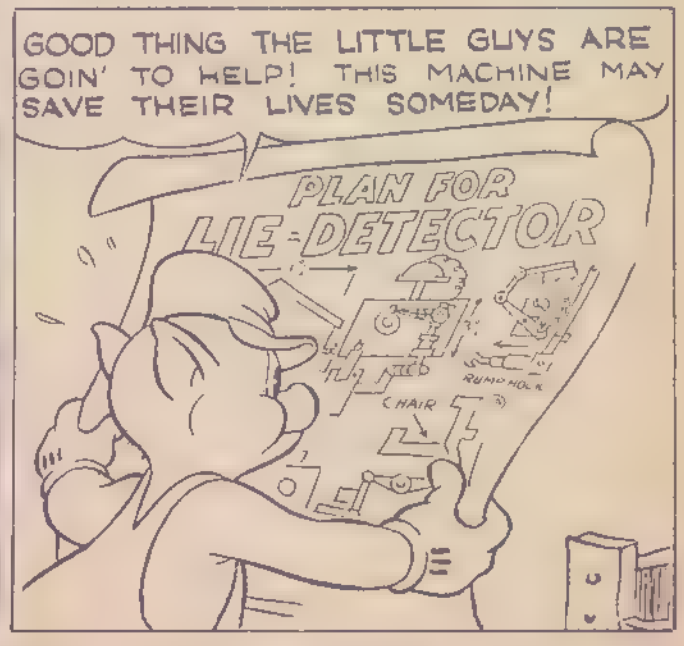
"The PRACTICAL PIG!" featuring the THREE LITTLE PIGS and the BIG BAD WOLF by Walt Disney

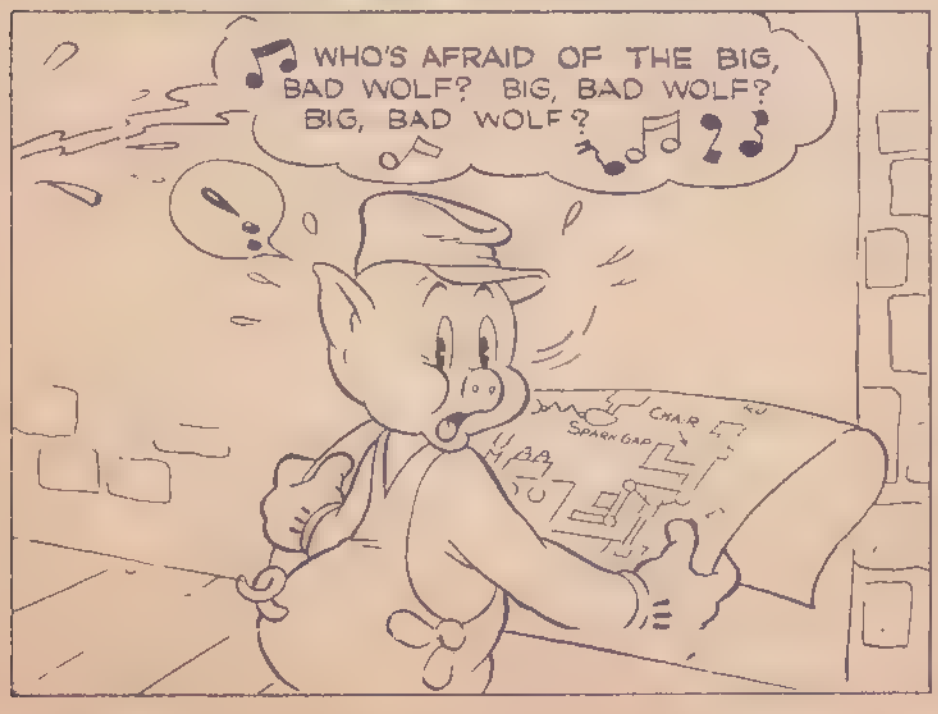


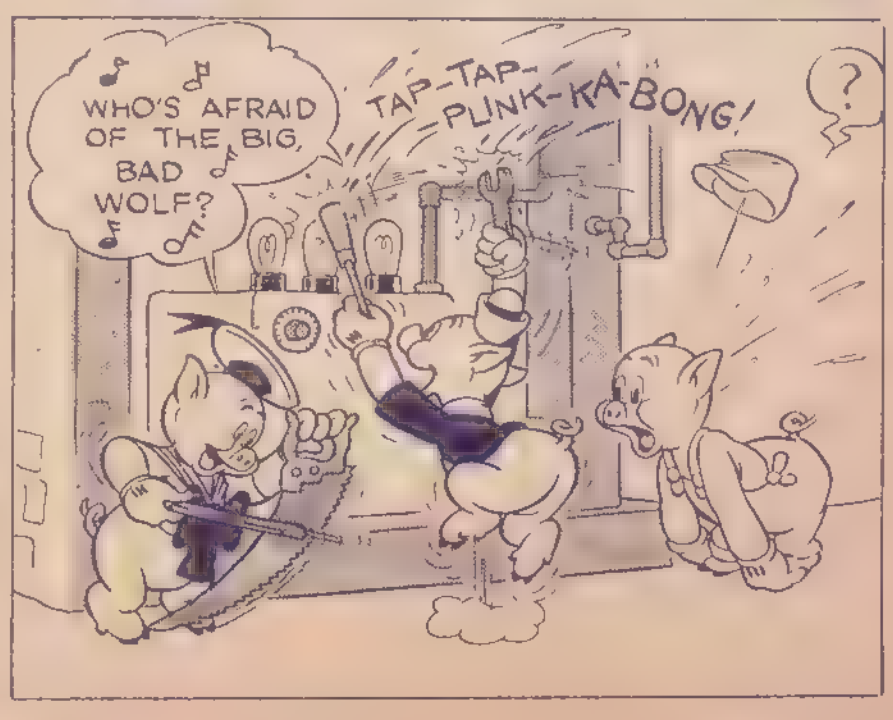


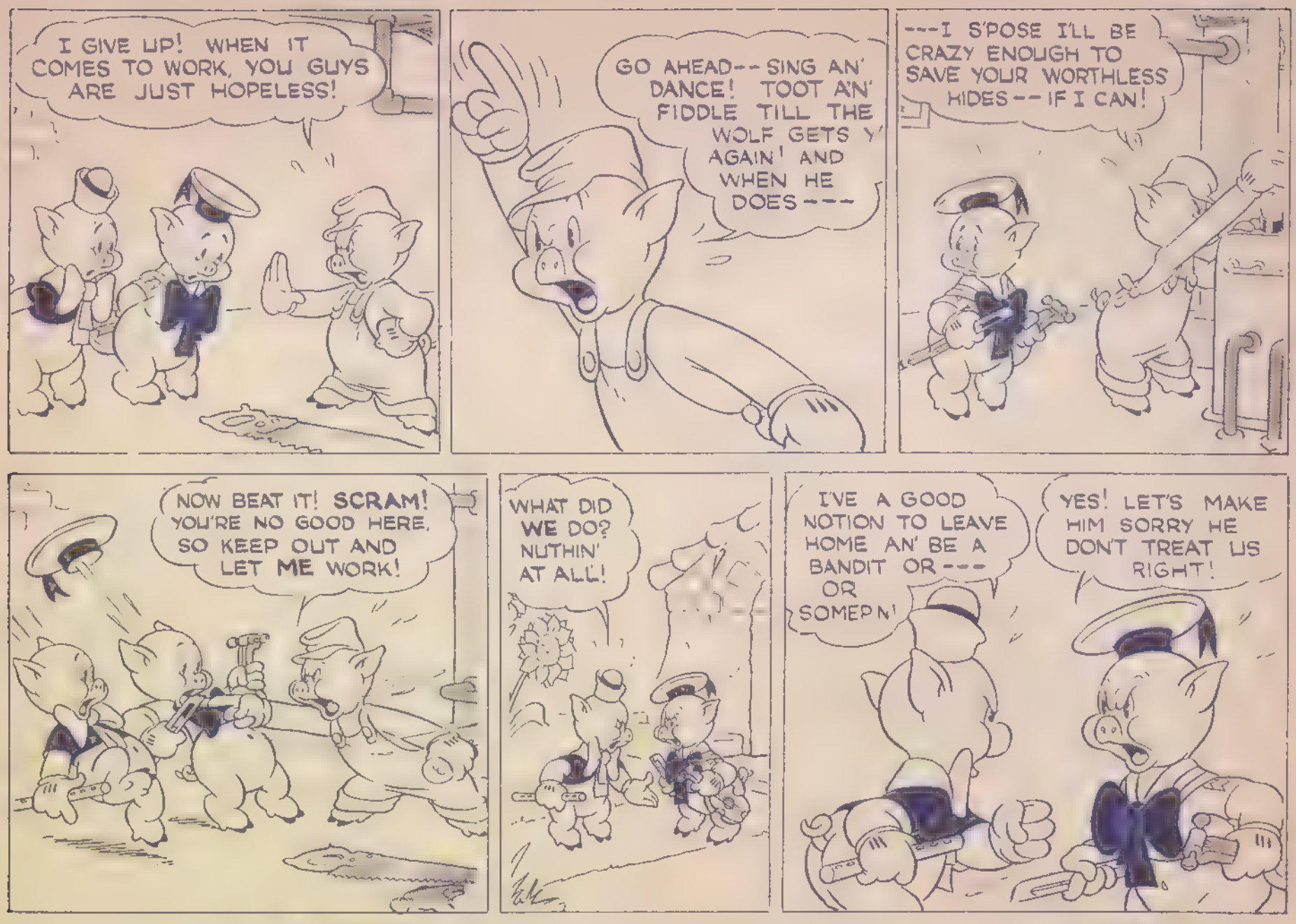





GOOD THING THE LITTLE GUYS ARE GOIN' TO HELP! THIS MACHINE MAY SAVE THEIR LIVES SOMEDAY!
PLAN FOR LIE-DETECTOR
RUMP HOLE
CHAIR






I GIVE UP! WHEN IT COMES TO WORK, YOU GUYS ARE JUST HOPELESS!
GO AHEAD--SING AN' DANCE! TOOT AN' FIDDLE TILL THE WOLF GETS Y' AGAIN! AND WHEN HE DOES---
---I S'POSE I'LL BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO SAVE YOUR WORTHLESS HIDES--IF I CAN!
NOW BEAT IT! SCRAM! YOU'RE NO GOOD HERE, SO KEEP OUT AND LET ME WORK!
WHAT DID WE DO? NUTHIN' AT ALL!
I'VE A GOOD NOTION TO LEAVE HOME AN' BE A BANDIT OR--- OR SOMEP'N!
YES! LET'S MAKE HIM SORRY HE DON'T TREAT US RIGHT!
I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL GO IN THE WOODS AND LIVE WITH THE GYPSIES!
SWELL! GYPSIES NEVER HAFTA WORK!
'DEAR BROTHER--YOU HAVE HURT OUR FEELINGS FOR THE LAST TIME! WE ARE LEAVING HOME FOREVER---!"
TELL HIM WE'RE NOT COMING BACK, EITHER!
OH, JOLLY GYPSY BOYS ARE WE!
WE KICK OUR HEELS AND DANCE WITH GLEE!
TRA-LA! TRA-LA! TRA-LAA-A-A!
BUT S'POSE THE WOLF IS IN THE WOODS!
AW, SHUCKS! WE'VE SCARED HIM AWAY FOREVER!
TO BE CONTINUED

YOU KNOW, MICKEY, OUTSIDE OF AUTOMOBILES, COWS MAKE THE BEST HORSES OF ANY ANIMAL, EXCEPT, MAYBE BICYCLES.

THE TROUBLE IS, COWS AIN'T UPHOLSTERED SO GOOD. I FEEL LIKE I HAVE BEEN SETTING ON A PICKET FENCE STRADDLING A ROOF!

AW, QUIT WORRYING ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL AND START WORRYING ABOUT THINGS THAT COUNT!

SAY! THE WAY I FEEL COUNTS PLENTY!

YES, BUT WAIT TILL THOSE MINERS IN NUGGET GULCH FIND OUT THAT PAUNCHO MALARKY STOLE THEIR GOLD! THEY'RE LIABLE TO BE AWFUL MAD!

GAWRSH! YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE THEY WON'T LET US BE SHERIFF ANY MORE. THAT WOULD BE TOUGH!

HMMM! THAT'S FUNNY! A HORSE -- AND NO RIDER! I WONDER WHERE IT CAME FROM!

I DUNNO -- BUT HE'S GOING TO PICK UP A PASSENGER RIGHT NOW! GIDDY-AP, COW!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT, GOOFY! WE DON'T KNOW WHOSE IT IS!

WHAT DO WE CARE? YOU'RE THE SHERIFF, AIN'T YOU? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU JUST CONFLAGRATE IT?

LOOK! IT'S PAUNCHO MALARKY'S!

BUT WHERE DID IT COME FROM? HOW DID IT GET HERE?

I DUNNO BUT I SURE KNOW WHERE IT'S A-GOIN'!

I'VE GOT IT! WHEN PAUNCHO HELD US UP AND RODE AWAY IN THE STAGECOACH, HE LEFT HIS HORSE BEHIND!

COME ON, GOOFY! WE'LL TAKE IT IN TO NUGGET GULCH AS EVIDENCE! THIS'LL PROVE IT WAS PAUNCHO!

THEN WE'LL ORGANIZE A POSSE AND GO AFTER HIM!

HOT DIGGETTY! SHERIFF MICKEY RIDES AGAIN!

WALT DISNEY—

WE'VE GOT TO WATCH OUR STEP! I HAVE GOT A HUNCH THE MINERS WILL BE PRETTY SORE ABOUT LOSING THEIR GOLD!

YEAH! MINERS IS AWFUL NARROW-MINDED THAT WAY!

BUT THIS HORSE PROVES THAT PAUNCHO WAS THE BANDIT! SO ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS ORGANIZE A POSSE AND GO AFTER HIM!

YEAH! THAT'S ALL!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, GOOFY! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, DON'T LET ANYBODY KNOW WE'RE WORRIED!

OKAY!

HEY! WHAT------

OH, FUR GAWRSH SAKES!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! THEY AIN'T GOT NO GUN'S! LET 'EM DOWN!

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA, ANYWAY?

THAT'S WHAT **WE** WANT TO KNOW!

YOU'RE RIDING A STOLEN HORSE AND COW, THE STAGECOACH IS MISSING, THE GOLD IS GONE AND THIS SADDLE HOOKS YOU UP WITH PAUNCHO MALARKY'S GANG!

YOU'RE GUILTY OF BANDITRY, STEALING HORSES, RUSTLING CATTLE, ROBBING MAILS, OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE, AIDING CRIMINALS AND MALFEASANCE IN OFFICE!

IS IT ALL RIGHT TO LET FOLKS KNOW I'M WORRIED **NOW**?

AW, SHUT UP!

PLUTO

by WALT DISNEY

HI, MICKEY! WHAT'S THE POOCH BEEN DOING

NOTHING – THAT'S THE TROUBLE! THREE O' MY CHICKENS WERE STOLEN LAST NIGHT AND THE MUTT DIDN'T EVEN BARK!

AND THE NIGHT BEFORE, HE LET TRAMPS SLEEP IN THE BARN!

LISSEN! YOU TAKE IT FROM AN OLD DOG EXPERT! THIS HERE FLEA-BURNER'S SICK-- THAT'S WHAT!

Y'THINK SO, HORACE?

SURE THING! YOU BETTER GET A GOOD VET TO LOOK 'IM OVER!

GOSH! HE NEVER EVEN ALLOWED A CAT IN THE YARD BEFORE!

PLUTO

I'LL CALL THE VET'RINARY! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YES, DOC-- IT'S SERIOUS! HE LETS ANYBODY IN THE PLACE!

NOTHING IN HERE THAT'S ANY HELP, EITHER!

The DOG AND HIS AILMENTS

GRR-R ROWF ROWF-- ROW!! BOW WOW WOW

?!?

The DOG AND HIS AILMENTS

PARDON ME-- BUT JUST WHAT DID YOU SAY WAS WRONG WITH YOUR DOG?

WALT DISNEY

THE TWINS

by Walt Disney

UNCA MICKEY! UNCA MICKEY!

CAN WE HAVE MONEY FOR THE MOVIES? CAN WE?

IT'S TIME YOU BOYS LEARNED THE VALUE OF MONEY! WHEN Y'WANT TO SEE A MOVIE, Y'SHOULD WORK FOR IT-- EARN IT!

Y' MEAN Y' WON'T GIVE US ANY MONEY?

WHAT WORK CAN WE DO, UNCA MICKEY?

WELL, FOR INSTANCE! I'M GOING TO MAKE A ROCK GARDEN! IF YOU'D GO OUT AND GATHER SOME ROCKS FOR ME, THEN YOU'D DESERVE YOUR MONEY!

FAT CHANCE OF THE LITTLE MONKEYS DOING THAT! I HATE TO REFUSE 'EM, BUT THEY'LL HAFTA LEARN SOME DAY!

UNCA MICKEY! WE GOT THE ROCKS!

NOW CAN WE GO TO THE MOVIES?

WELL! I'LL SAY YOU EARNED IT-- AND SOME EXTRA, TOO!

THANK Y', UNCA MICKEY!

WHERE DID YOU GET THEM ALL?

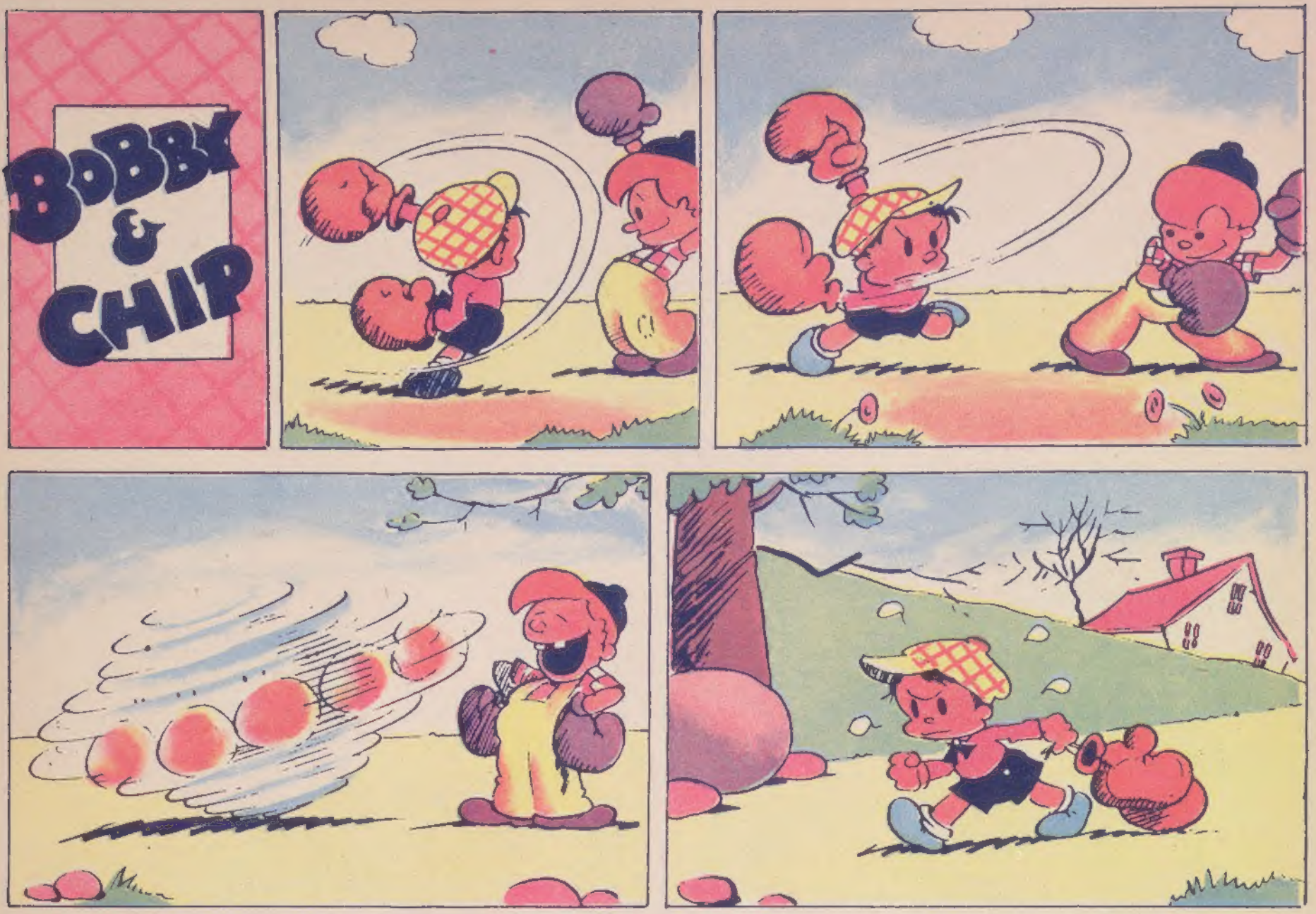
RIGHT OVER THERE!

OMIGOSH!

REPAIR WORK BY ELITE CHIMNEY CO.

WHEN'LL I EVER LEARN TO QUIT TRYING TO EDUCATE THOSE KIDS?!

Walt Disney


BOBBY
&
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Walt Disney's

MICKEY MOUSE

PRESENTS

BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR

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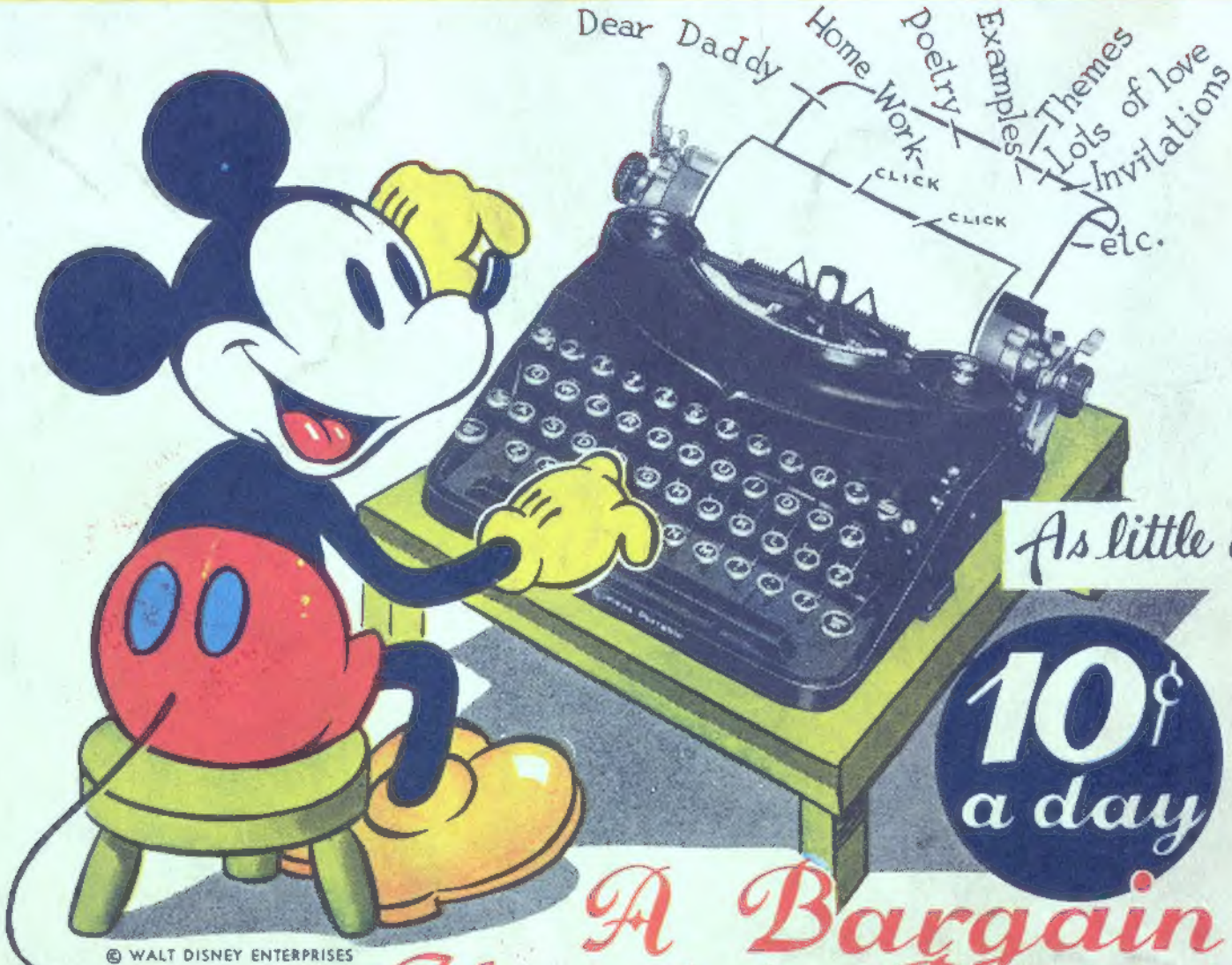

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